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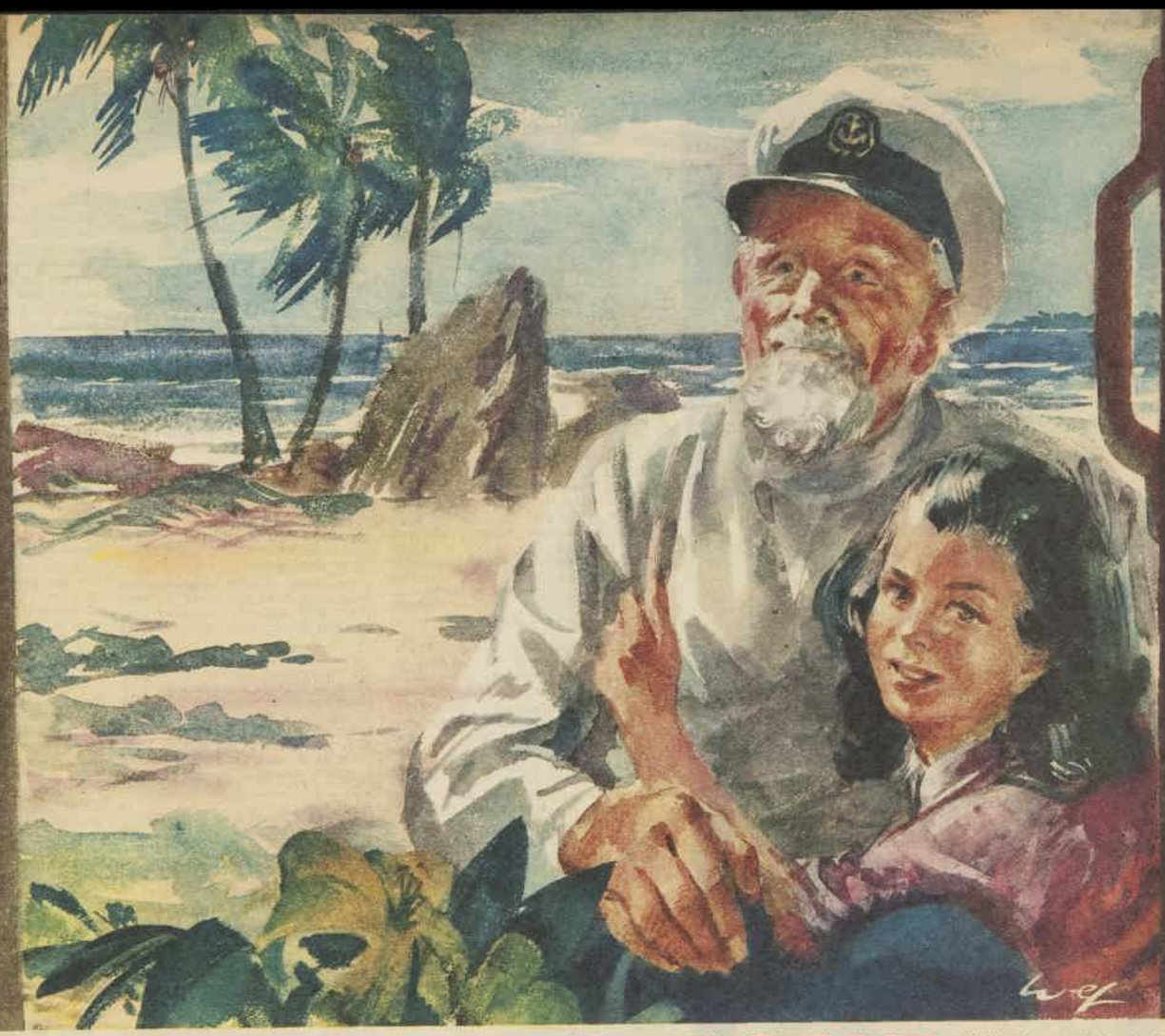

MY LOVE WILL COME

"It's the most lovely house ever, Granddaddy," Liliom cried excitedly.

HER grandfather, the old Tiger of the Sea, is dead, and now sixteen-year-old LILIOM is alone on the wild, remote Caribbean reef, in danger from the lawless fugitives who haunt the surrounding swamps.

She thinks back over the events which brought her to this.

It began eight years before when she and her grandfather lived at a small island settlement, and the authorities threatened to take her into their custody, claiming that he could not maintain her properly . . .

Rather than be parted they decide to steal away. Liliom says good-bye to her playmate, MICHAEL, then, their fishing-boat laden with the few belongings they can take, they set sail by night.

NOW READ ON:

By DOROTHY COTTRELL

AT noon her grandfather shot the sun. Evening was a welter of wine and dying rose. With night, the sea got very big. She slept on piled fish nets in the belly of the boat, and the cat mewed anxiously.

Day and night ran to the leaping of the boat. Then, on the sixth day, the weather began to change, so that great storms boiled in silver and purple about the horizons, the showers beneath them hanging like veils of copper. Wild squalls raced. Then mangrove islands and the shock heads of palms were above the sea.

"We made it," her grandfather said matter-of-factly. "We're too heavy-laden for bad weather."

Through amber evening they moved in towards the coast. Her grandfather stood up, seeking for landmarks as the boat slid across the green mouths of channels and above deep reefs where fish played through midnight green among the ghosts of coral or fed over submarine floors of turtle grass and sand.

On the exposed reefs were the skeletons of ships, grey and streaked with guano, and roosting cormorants twisted snaky necks as the catboat slipped by.

At last there came a bar of reef that stretched for miles, and her grandfather found an almost invisible passage and put the boat neatly through into a vast emerald-and-amber lagoon, and crossing it in the dying wind they seemed the only things moving in the world.

They poled past mangrove islands that were still, green-gold hills; then, at the north - eastern end of the lagoon, where channels opened to little bays, there rose a larger reef set with the satiny trunks of hardwoods and a group of three coconut palms.

Her grandfather sighed contentedly. "No one staked claim to her! Was afraid they might have."

They dodged round a little arm of snowy sand, made a port turn, and were into a six-foot channel with a ruined jetty at its end, and between the palms and the lagoon lay a stretch of sloping coral and sand overgrown with coarse, pink-flowered vines and white moonflowers, where big cream-and-blue land crabs scuttered dancingly sideways.

"It will do!" her grandfather said. "Friend of mine used to live here. Told me I could have her when he was through."

"What happened to him, granddaddy?"

"Someone 'chopped' him for his boat. He had a good boat," her grandfather said. She looked about with her eyes a little wide.

His sole concession to those whom her mind named the bad men was to bring first from the boat his old double-barrelled gun in its jacket of oil-soaked sheepskins and lay it among the moonflowers.

It was as she gathered sticks for the fire that she found a silvered piece of mangrove wood shaped like a duck's head.

"Look, granddaddy! Look! A duck!"

"So it is!" He set down an armload of supplies, sat on them, and took out his knife. "Let's see!" Under the deft blade the driftwood became a perfect duck's head with full and feathered cheeks, button eyes, impertinent bill.

She stroked it with delight. "A toy, granddaddy!" It intrigued her throughout supper.

"Now a first thing to do is to see to your water supply," her grandfather said. He stretched a tarpaulin on an angle between the palms, so that it would drain water into the fifty-gallon drum that had taken up so much space in the boat. Then they spread the bedding under the tarpaulin and lay down.

One of Liliom's hands held her grandfather's, the other clasped the mangrove-wood duck's head to her chest.

The Liliom who crouched in the boat under the rush of approaching storm, and who was now sixteen, held the duck's head between her hands for a moment before setting it down. Her heart pounded as somewhere in the swamp a far thrashing began that told of a playing crocodile.

She had never heard of a crocodile attacking a boat, and she had normally held the ones that occasionally appeared here in some contempt because they were muddy and stupid things, but she wished that her boat were not so old.

She thought, "I must not grow frightened." And as big raindrops hit the tarp, she took up the little cake of scented soap, that stood for a disaster and a miracle, and turned her memory back to that first night here when she had listened to the same sound of rain on canvas with her grandfather. . . .

For during the night great showers had splashed over the reef, half filling the drum, though the morning broke sparkling blue.

"Next thing to water is food," her grandfather said. "Always remember that. If you got food and water, other things are added unto you. If you ain't it don't matter if they are or not."

As they ate toasted ship's biscuits, he sharpened the light three-pronged grain and polished the water glass that was a wooden lard bucket with a glass bottom; then they sculled out to the reef along the Caribbean.

Her grandfather tied the water glass to the stern with a thatch-palm string, and Liliom stuck her small head into it beside his grey one.

The water glass was entrancing! Without it, the water looked clear and you seemed to see the reef, but to look through the water glass was to look through a window into the secret life of the sea.

There were tall brown kelp trees rising twenty feet from patches of palest jade flecked with light that were sand beds. There were gardens of coral that were gold and pink and the electric blue of cornflowers, and tall borders of lilac sea fans that seemed unreal even when one saw them.

On the varied bottom played the reflected sparks of sunlight, so that all things moved, and through the pale pure green of the water fish drifted beside their own shadows. The boat passed over a long and overhanging shelf from whose shadow strange and spiky vegetation seemed to bristle.

Her grandfather checked the boat. "What do you see?"

"Spikes!" she said.

"That's crawfish whips," he said. "Now, how'd you get them out?"

She puzzled over the problem; for the crawfish were safe under the shelf and beyond the reach of the grain.

"Watch!" her grandfather said. He gently lowered both the bow and the stern anchors, so that the boat was held still about the submarine ledge. Then, very slowly, he pushed down the grain, keeping the tines parallel with and close to the upper lip of the ledge.

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My Love Will Come

Continued from page 3

USING a tickling and slightly sidewards motion, her grandfather just touched the whips of a large crawfish with one of the tines. The whips lashed! He withdrew the grain a fraction. In a moment he retickled the whips, which waved more wildly.

For perhaps five minutes the alternate touch and withdrawal continued, then the whips darted forward so that half the body of a big crawfish showed. Lilliom squirmed in anticipation.

"Not yet," her grandfather whispered. He was still. The crawfish came farther out to see what had tickled it. The grain leaped downward and was at once alive and convulsed with wild jerkings. Her grandfather pressed on it for a second, then drew it swiftly up, and into the boat came a big yellow-and-purple crawfish spotted in blue.

Her grandfather seized the thrashing whips, placing his hand upon them so that, in closing, it tightened from the body of the crawfish toward the tips of the whips.

"Never thrust at 'em or you'll get cut to bits!" Holding the craw by the whips, he placed it against the foot block of the boat and neatly cut off the head with the hand axe. "Never leave 'em thrash! People say they have no feelings, but the people that say it aren't crawfish."

When they had a dozen crawa, they went back to the reef and her grandfather hooked down three green coconuts and one ripe one.

He cut a hardwood spike three feet long, sharpened it at both ends and drove it firmly into the coral, re-pared the upper end of the stake with his clasp knife, and then, taking a coconut in his hands, brought it down on the spike and twisted it deftly to remove the husk.

When the brown, monkey-faced nuts were exposed, he pierced the eyes and drained the clear milk into a can which he set on the fire to heat while he pulled off and washed the plump crawfish tails.

The four youngest tails he set aside for grilling when the coals were ready, and the heads and carapaces he put into a second can for use as bait. When the coconut milk was steaming, he dropped in the eight large tails, added a pinch of salt and, covering the can tightly, set it to simmer.

He then opened the ripe nut and grated the rich meat on the iron-toothed coconut comb that rose from the hardwood bar on which the operator sat. When the nut meat lay in thick white curls, he added it to the coconut milk and crawfish tails, banked hot ashes about the can and left the mixture to blend for the evening meal.

The four young tails he split lengthwise and placed in the grid-iron above the bed of coals. When they were done, the split side of the flesh was crisp and brown and the half shells dropped away to expose sweet and juicy snow-white meat.

Lastly, he opened the green nuts and scraped the clear jelly of the just-forming nut from them, sprinkled it with sugar and gave it to Lilliom.

Eating, she said delightedly, "We're playing Crusoe!"

"We're Crusoe all right!" her grandfather said. "But we aren't playing." He tamped down his last quarter-pipeful of tobacco and they went to work.

"Now see that hummock behind the palms? That's the highest point we got. Around five feet. We'll build the cabin back there, but leaving plenty of trees between us and the sea. Keep trees topped, an' they're a powerful help in hurricane."

They chose a little knoll between mahoganies and red-stemmed birch trees. And while her grandfather levelled the site, Lilliom weeded the garden, leaving the close-cushioned grass and training the moonflower vines up the tree trunks and then carrying small pailfuls of white sand for the path.

. . . . . .

On the lip of the Caribbean, white sails rose and sank. There were days of great heat, days of wind, days of black storm.

Occasionally the cooking pot was empty, and once when the fishing had been particularly bad her grandfather took her night-spearing, and on a little reef stood a big white heron, fascinated by the light, and snowy as a flower.

Her grandfather spoke softly to him.

"Hello, lad! You're just about the prettiest thing man ever saw, and a nice lad, to boot!"

The heron stood not five feet from them, his gold eye shining. He opened his pale beak. And he seemed to know they would not hurt him, for he took to roosting on their own reef, so that she could cry, "Look! He's come!" And presently the heron let her feed him.

Adventure seemed to have given her grandfather new strength, but he remarked that after a man was eighty he might still maintain that he knew what he was doing, but that he couldn't talk himself out of the fact that it took him too long. Hence the cottage rose very slowly, though it rose strongly.

"Don't want to cut our own timber," her grandfather said. So they went to the great, uninhabited reef to the south-east and he cut straight hardwood rails where they could be rolled into the water, and buoyed them with balsa.

He built double post-and-rail walls and filled the space between them with tamped coral clay that hardens like concrete with exposure to air.

For doors and shutters, he took old mahogany planks from the wharf. When the rafters were in place and pegged as a ship is pegged, he began the weaving of the thatch-palm roof, which is the most beautiful roof in the world and looks from within like the plaited hair of a golden woman.

> *"No woman will deny herself the romantic luxury of self-sacrifice and forgiveness when they take the form of doing something agreeable."*
> —BERNARD SHAW.

"We won't blow away," her grandfather said. "We won't wash away except in tidal wave." He looke with satisfaction at the floor of creamy tamped coral and the snug walls.

"It's a lovely house, granddaddy! It's the most lovely house ever!"

"Now we got to figure how to keep the insects out."

"How, granddaddy? We've got no screens."

"What did you think we were drying all them sea fans for?"

"I s'posed we might sell them."

"Will later, but not yet." He went to where the lilac, ironed-flat lace of the sea fans was drying on a string between the palms. "Got your big needle?"

"Yes!" She was delighted to be needed.

"Well, thread it with devil's-hair vine!"

With the needle threaded, they carried the sea fans to the cabin. Her grandfather placed a large fan partly across a window and tacked it to the frame. He set another to overlap its edge, and another, until the lilac lace filled almost the whole aperture and she laughed with delight at his cleverness.

"Now we sew the edges together! Poke the needle through to me—easy, for the vine ain't as strong as string—then I poke it back to you. See how we're doing?"

When the tacked sea fans were sewn, he took a last sheet of the sea lace and held it so that it filled the centre opening.

"Now we sew this . . . and there we are! Ain't as airy or as strong as screens, but stops most flying trash. Any little holes we'll cobble with vine." The window was fairy-like with the colored pattern of the sea fans.

"Folks weren't so stupid in the old days!" her grandfather said.

The making of the furniture was even nicer. Her grandfather made her a sink of mahogany planks, and shelves for the china, that was two enamel plates and six carefully opened condensed-milk tins.

He made a big chair for himself and a little chair for her, and she scraped them smooth with a sharp sea shell and polished them with pumice and then with cuttlefish bone, and then they burnished them with coconut oil. The seats were of plaited palm and they wove plaited palm rugs for the floor.

Then, because the bareness of the crockery shelves worried her, he made a set of coconut-shell goblets mounted on bases of mahogany.

They built a cistern of coral and mortar and set roof gutters of hollow logs. For garden beds they laid down logs of mahogany and filled between them with wood earth, and for each bucket of earth they added a bucket of dead fish.

"They make themselves felt," her grandfather said. "But the spring rains will quiet 'em and they do the work. Indians used 'em, and an Indian never wore out the land."

In the garden beds they planted lettuce and herbs, and at the corner of the cabin they dug a deep hole and planted a chayote vine that would bear fruits like shrivelled pears that are sweeter than the finest melons.

In the hummock they sowed tomatoes and pumpkins and papaya trees, and set sugar-cane slips and eyes of edible bamboo, and they discovered a vine-smothered orange tree and two lime trees and a great avocado and a breadfruit tree from which they set other suckers.

They felt very rich. And at night her grandfather read aloud from Shakespeare and the Bible.

All this time they had seen little of "they" who were the Bad Men. To steamers passing along the coast by day, the vast net of the swamps would have seemed empty.

But people lived here; lepers who preferred to die in freedom; murderers for whom many governments were seeking, but not seeking earnestly enough to attempt the impossible in combing the swamps; half-wits who loved solitude; smugglers whose business was dope and cigarettes and Chinese.

Of many nationalities, the human life of the swamps moved furtively, almost invisibly; as much a part of the mangroves as the shellfish and the spawning crawfish and the gray snappers.

Only at early morning and at evening, the cooking smokes sprang up, or there were figures seen distantly on a beach at twilight that slipped back into the jungle if approached, or a boat seen fishing the lagoon at dawn that might fail to answer hail and go away.

And one night as Lilliom and her grandfather grilled mangrove oysters by the shore, she looked up, and there, faintly visible in the light of the flames, a boat watched them. There was something horrid in its sudden materialisation, and she gasped. Her grandfather turned from the griddle he was watching.

He said calmly, "When you come up to this reef, hail first! If you've got any business, let's have it!" In the dim gold shape of the boat, the dimmer figures remained silent. He told her, "Say it in Spanish!"

And she repeated what he had said, but no one answered. Her grandfather swung smoothly, pulled out the old gun, discharged both barrels above the heads of the intruders, and reloaded as the echoes crashed. Hasty oars splashed out and the boat scurried from the fire-light. She was pale.

"Eat your oysters!" her grandfather said, calmly resuming his meal. "Dealing with tough men or savages or the not quite right, one thing you can't afford to be to 'em is a joke. Never let 'em get you running. Just walk bold enough, and what a man can walk through will amaze you. Eat your supper!"

She ate sturdily.

And perhaps because he had been the Tiger of the Sea, and even in his age was a man of mighty legend, the life of the swamps gave him wide berth, so that they saw it only occasionally; as when a small motor ship put in at the great reef to the south-east and men went ashore in a dinghy and returned with a small load of firewood.

Whereat her grandfather said, "Firewood, my eye! She's running cigarettes."

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JUST WHAT THE DOCTOR ORDERED

By HILDA ESPY

AS Hector opened his eyes, a woman in a white dress, wearing a white starched cap, put a baby's feeding bottle on the table by his bed. Puzzled, he closed his eyes.

When he opened them again, the bottle was still there. He became aware of a mewing, wailing sound and woozily saw that the woman in the white cap was trundling in a tiny crib on wheels.

"Not here," a girl's voice said. "That's for number nineteen."

There were gales of giggles. The girl in the white cap came to take the bottle away. She looked down on Hector, her face contorted in an anguish of amusement.

"What," said Hector loudly, "is going on here?"

"Relax," said a new voice, a very musical contralto.

Hector slowly turned his head and carefully focused his eyes on the foot of the bed. There in the dimness stood the most beautiful girl he had ever seen.

"Where am I?" he demanded.

The girl walked round the bed and took his hand. He closed his eyes and gulped. He opened them and saw that she was leaning over his pillow.

"You had an appendix in a very uncomfortable state," she said gently. "Remember your tummy-ache?"

"Yes," said Hector.

"Well, your friends tried several hospitals in a hurry and couldn't find any room. So they brought you here. You're in the maternity ward."

"Good heavens," said Hector dreamily.

"Don't let it get you down," she smiled. She was withdrawing her hand, but Hector held on.

"Don't go away," he said.

"Oh, but I must," she replied.

"You're very, very beautiful," he said.

"People who are coming out of an anaesthetic," she said gently, "ought to have their vocal cords cut."

He heard the door close. A moment later a spindly, brisk personage entered the room. She stuck a thermometer in his mouth and held his pulse, looking down at him with the most impersonal expression imaginable.

Hector felt terribly let down.

"Who was that?" he asked her as she glanced at the thermometer. "That girl who was just in here?"

"You mean Doctor Wyatt?" she said coolly. "She took out your appendix."

"Was it a boy or a girl?" he asked.

"Keep quiet," said the nurse. "We don't get a man in here very often, but when we do, we know how to handle 'em."

Hector drifted off to sleep and dreamed of smiling dark eyes and glorious auburn hair.

Two days later he was sitting up in bed, reading a copy of Baby Talk which had been put on his breakfast tray, when Doctor Wyatt entered briskly and stood at the foot of his bed. She smiled and nodded towards Baby Talk.

"A very helpful little magazine," she said.

"Very," agreed Hector. "I loved the article on 'How to Make Hubby Take a Hand With Baby's Nappies.'"

"You'll know far too much about feminine conspiracies," she said. "How are you feeling?"

"I feel like a man again."

"That's fine," she said. "I'll have you dangling to-morrow."

"I'm sure of it," said Hector.

"Dangling," said Doctor Wyatt, flushing faintly, "means that you can sit up on the edge of the bed and let your feet dangle. Later on, you'll walk."

"I'm in no hurry," Hector said. "I like it here."

She smiled and headed for the door. "I'll pop my head in, from time to time."

"Oh, I hope so," said Hector. "That's what I live for."

Various girls came to call. Flowers and books came, and one wag sent a pair of baby shoes tied with blue ribbon.

It was all very pleasant, but he did not see nearly enough of Dr. Carol Wyatt. Footsteps in the corridor made him prick up his ears. Occasionally he heard her voice, but apparently she had lost interest in him.

Everything had mended beautifully but his heart, with which she was not concerned.

On his last day, in desperation, Hector decided to attend the lecture for new mothers which Dr. Wyatt held once a week in the main hall. Dressed in a handsome Paisley silk dressing-gown, his reddish-brown hair combed, his chin freshly shaved, Hector shuffled down the corridor.

He seated himself in the huge hall next to a mournful green plant in a tub.

Doctor Wyatt entered and greeted the assembly with a pleasant nod. Her eyes came to rest on Hector with an expression of amusement and reproach.

"We'll let you stay," she said finally, "in the hope that—if ever you are a father—this knowledge will come in very handy. I dedicate this lecture to your future wife."

The mothers laughed. But finally the last titter subsided, the last neck stopped craning, and the women settled back in their chairs and waited earnestly for Doctor Wyatt's advice.

"Babies," she began, "are human beings. Don't ever try to bring them up by book learning alone. Trust your instinct."

Hector was glad of her belief in instinct. If he believed his own, he was going to know Doctor Wyatt a lot better.

As she talked, he was soothed by her smooth skin, her patrician nose, her warm smile. She had a nice pair of legs, too, tapering off into slim ankles. Her feet were small and pretty in their high-heeled shoes.

"Any questions?" she asked at the end of the lecture.

The mothers shook their heads and smiled. When they left the hall, Hector remained.

"Yes?" Doctor Wyatt invited with a forbiddingly pleasant and business-like smile.

"Can I take you out to dinner on your day off?" he asked.

She looked thoroughly disconcerted. Then shook her head and flashed a smile that was aimed to protect hurt feelings. "Thanks just the same."

Hector could see that it wasn't going to be easy, but if he let her go down the hall in her spruce white coat and clicking high heels the chances were that he would never get through to her again.

"What's wrong with me?" he demanded.

"If you'd asked me that in my consulting-room," she said, "I'd have taken your blood pressure and case history and arrived at some sensible conclusion. But socially," she added, "that's an awkward question."

"Oh, so there's something wrong with me!" Hector exclaimed. "Perhaps you prefer them fair and taciturn?"

"Rest assured," she said, "that you are charming. But not for me. Thanks just the same."

"Think nothing of it," Hector said. "But, after all, I have only asked you out to dinner."

She blushed slightly and sighed.

"I don't like to go out to dinner with young men like you," she said.

"This," he said, explaining the drawing, "is what I'd like to wear fishing."

"because you might possibly ask me to go out to dinner again some time."

He was baffled. "Very possibly," he said, "in fact, I think it would be safe to say that you could count on it."

She nodded philosophically.

"Then you might ask me to go to a play, or something like that. In the middle of the play, one of my patients might decide to have a baby. I would leave you. You would be angry. Sooner or later, my work proves irksome to men. So I don't go out much—not when I can see the end of the story even before it begins."

"Do you plan to be an old maid?"

She bit her lip in exasperation.

"I don't know," she said. "Frankly, the chances of finding an ideal man—for me—are very slim."

"Describe him," Hector suggested.

She struggled, frowning. "He'd be a man whose work didn't matter to him as much as mine did to me," she said. "He would be fun—but he wouldn't be too full of himself. And attractive men don't seem to be made like that."

Hector took a deep drag on his cigarette. He decided that Carol Wyatt might be worth an awful lot of trouble.

"Go on," he said. "You interest me. I never hoped to meet a girl like you."

She frowned dubiously.

"You have every reason to dine with me," he went on, "since I closely resemble the type of man you describe. I am modest, fun-loving, and an excellent cook. I would not think it beneath me to cool my heels while you were taking out tonsils. In fact, I'd love it."

"I don't believe it," she said, amused.

"Try me," Hector suggested. "Name the day. Name the hour. Name the place. I'll be there."

She ruminated, then looked mischievously experimental.

"All right," she said. "Let's make it a week from to-morrow."

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STRICTLY FROM DIXIE

By . . .

CAROLIN McCREARY

At first Stella didn't recognise the tune, but as Slicker kept on she got it.

THE seals were barking and crying for attention. Let them cry, Stella Sankey thought, as she tried to get some sleep in the trailer. Sometimes she thought she wouldn't hate the seals so much if they had a Number One spot. But they were Number Three.

She was just beginning to doze off when she heard the seals again. Why couldn't Bill learn that he had set himself a hopeless task?

The star seal of the Number One spot played "My Country, 'Tis Of Thee"; the star seal of the Number Two spot played "My Country, 'Tis Of Thee"; but Slicker, the Sankeys' star, couldn't play it completely.

Bill insisted that Slicker couldn't play it because he had been taught something else which was trying to come out instead. But Stella thought it was because Slicker was dumb.

No use trying to sleep with that honking and barking going on. She got up and put on her seersucker robe and went out to the other trailer.

Sure enough, Bill had the little piano pushed up against the side of the trailer for shade, just below the legend, "Sankey's Seals," which was painted on the trailer in flamboyant color and style, and was trying to cajole Slicker into playing "My Country, 'Tis Of Thee."

The seal's piano looked like a miniature piano with big keys, and above the keys, along the place where the music rack would normally be, there was mounted a series of brightly colored rubber bulbs.

These bulbs were parts of horns which looked like old-fashioned automobile horns. And when Slicker propped himself up on the bench with his flippers, and pressed his nose against the rubber bulbs, the sound would blare out.

As she watched, Slicker pushed his nose against one horn, and then another, and yet another, and for a few minutes it seemed as though he might get on with it.

But just when Bill was beginning to smile, Slicker flopped down off the bench, rolled over, and clapped his flippers. In his own opinion, he had given a great performance.

Bill almost cried with disappointment, but he patted Slicker, told him he was a good boy, and gave him a few bits of dried fish.

"Why don't you give him a good pinch instead?" Stella asked.

"Now, Stella!" Reproach was in Bill's voice. "You know that's no way to train a seal. You must encourage him into it."

"Do you realise, Bill," she asked, "that you have been trying to encourage him into it for three months? Why don't you just admit he can't do it, and sell him? Those crowds in Pittsburgh laughed at him, but not the way we wanted them to."

"I want you to know, Stella"—Bill's voice was firm—"I'm not giving up. Slicker's smart. There isn't anything he can't learn."

Another voice cut in on them. Stella and Bill stiffened. It was Bob O'Leary, who had the Number One spot.

"Stella's right," Bob said. "You can see Slicker can't do it. Why, just look at what happened in Akron."

AKRON was something Stella and Bill didn't like to be reminded of. Slicker had just played a couple of notes there, and then flopped down and away. Mr. Busby, the manager, said that if it happened again he'd have to look around for a new Number Three spot.

"Why don't you mind your own business?" Stella asked. It was one thing for her to belittle Bill's efforts, but she wasn't going to let Bob O'Leary get away with it.

"'Cause I got your interest at heart, that's why. You folks are getting on. Why don't you retire? I'll buy you out."

"Generous of you," Stella countered. "What's the matter? Afraid our seals'll steal your spot? Look what they can do with a medicine ball."

"Yes," Bob conceded, and then added, "but a medicine ball ain't the act. Playing 'My Country, 'Tis Of Thee,' that's the act. I'll pay you a fair price for third-spot seals. They'd make a good background for mine."

Before Bill had a chance to refuse outright, Stella cut in, "We'll think it over. Might at that."

"Oke. No rush. Let me know later," Bob smiled.

Bill watched him walk away.

"Third-spot seals!" he snorted. "They're a sight smarter than his." He pointed to the piano. "Come on, Slicker, let's show 'em. Let's try it just once more."

Stella knew it would be the same old story. She didn't wait to hear. She went into their trailer to get fixed up for the show. How wonderful it would be to stop somewhere and stay there for good!

She had wanted to buy a store and filling station, but just when she thought she had talked Bill into it, a smooth-talking salesman had sold him the seals.

After she was freshened up and dressed, Bill came into the trailer to get ready. He looked discouraged.

"Something gets in Slicker's way, Stella," he said. "He wants to play another tune."

"What does he want to play, then?" she asked wearily.

"I don't know. He'll play a few notes now and then by himself, but I can't get it. Wish I could." Bill's voice was wistful.

Stella rested her head against his shoulder.

"It isn't that I don't want to see you happy, Bill. But you aren't happy trying to teach Slicker what he can't learn. And it's just that some day I'd like to live in a house and have a cupboard for my clothes. Seems like I've been taking them off a peg or out of a trunk all my life."

"Maybe you're right."

Stella got up. "Time for us," she said.

Bill went for the seals, and they flopped their way across the dirt after him to the wooden stage, flopped up on it and began to go through their act.

Stella and Bill patted them after each trick and tossed them a bit of fish. Stella and Bill smiled glassily each time the seals stopped the performance to applaud themselves noisily. The audience looked bored.

NOW came the time for the piano. Slicker barked and applauded himself in advance.

This was the moment in which she was supposed to step forward and throw him a bit of fish. But suppose she didn't? Suppose she pinched him instead? A good hard pinch?

Then he would roll over and refuse to do anything more and cry like a baby. Then Bill would sell him and buy the filling station.

Her hand shot forward. Slicker barked and screamed.

Slicker screamed again and flopped away from her right up to the bench of the piano. He hopped up on it with determination, braced himself, and then began to play. But not "My Country, 'Tis Of Thee."

At first she didn't recognise the tune, but as he kept on she got it. For the tune came out clear and strong. Bill could not disguise his delight, and applauded. Slicker was playing "Dixie."

Before he was far along, the crowd was laughing and clapping and whistling its approval.

At last, exhausted, Slicker flopped off the bench, rolled over, flapped his flippers, and cried. Bill gathered him in his arms and hugged and squeezed him. And the crowd was amused by that, too.

"I told you he wasn't dumb. I said all along that he was trying to play something." Bill could boast now.

Stella said nothing. She was furious with herself. She had fixed things properly now! She was stuck with these seals forever.

When they got back to their trailer, Mr. Busby, the manager, was there.

"That was a good show you folks put on," he said. "What would you say to taking over the Number One spot? That was pretty cute of you teaching Slicker to play 'Dixie' for the Southern tour."

She'd fixed it, Stella thought. Bill would never quit now, once he had smelled success. The three of them watched Bob O'Leary come towards them across the lot.

"Hello, Busby," he called out when he got close. "I was just telling these folks they ought to sell me their act. How about it?" he asked, turning to them.

"What do you think?" Bill replied loftily. "Mr. Busby, here, just offered us the Number One spot—on account of 'Dixie.'"

Stella had the pleasure of seeing Bob O'Leary's face turn green.

"Oh, you'll be Number Two," Mr. Busby cut in quickly. "Same pay, too." He didn't want to lose Bob's act either. "And it won't take you long to teach your star to play 'Dixie.'"

Stella and Bill winked at each other.

"The thing is, Bob," Bill said expansively, "that you must love them just like your own flesh and blood. Then they'll do anything for you. Isn't that right, Stella?"

Stella thought for a minute. After all, if you had Number One spot, life in a circus wasn't bad. And she was going to enjoy watching Bob trying to teach his star to play "Dixie."

"That's right," Stella said.

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There'll be a moon To-night

By MARY ROSBOROUGH

ON her way back from sketching along the beach, Aunt Penny often picked up things — a starfish, some shells, or a piece of driftwood. This time it was an Englishman.

With dismay, Diana watched her aunt approach. She recognised the Englishman, because, as a member of the British Hospital Commission in Washington, his picture had been in all the papers. He had come south to St. Augustine for a week's rest.

Diana hid under her enormous sun hat and pretended sleep. She'd come here for a rest, too, a holiday with her aunt. She needed it; she was so worried over Denise, who'd fallen in love with this exotic cowboy. Or thought she had!

Now Aunt Penny yoo-hooed and waved her paintbrush vigorously. The Englishman was gingerly carrying Aunt Penny's campstool and a wet canvas. It was probably another sketch of the lighthouse. She loved its barber-pole stripes.

Diana sat up, grimly pushing her hair out of her eyes.

"This is my niece, Diana Garland," Aunt Penny said. She added maliciously, "Mrs. Garland," and watched his expression and his instant recovery . . . "Mr. Neill Gordon Nicholson." She said the famous name with a flourish.

"How do you do?" His face was pleasantly grave, but a spark lurked in his calm blue eyes.

"Mr. Nicholson," Diana murmured as formally as was possible while brushing sand off her cheek.

Aunt Penny relented. "My niece is a widow," she said. "Don't look so relieved; she has a daughter."

"Penny, you're dreadful!" Diana blushed. Then briskly she gathered up her book and got to her feet. "Ready to go?"

But Aunt Penny was not yet through with the situation. She propped her canvas on the easel in reproof. "The light is perfect. Waves look like green glass." She squirted paint briskly on her palette, began mixing colors.

The sketch was of the lighthouse, which rose dead ahead of them in a grove of bent, twisted cedars and scrub oaks. However, Aunt Penny had blithely moved it seaward to an imaginary island, and she had painted a nebulous sail against a misty horizon.

She frowned at this, then took her brush and deliberately added a bright Union Jack, flying from the masthead.

The Englishman chuckled, and Diana lifted her eyes unwillingly. He looked so young when he smiled, his eyes brilliantly blue in the hard, sunburned planes of his face.

She said lightly, "It's fortunate you understand Aunt Penny's odd welcome to an international guest. She does love to see what makes people tick."

"She'd be surprised," he murmured, glancing at Aunt Penny, who was painting absorbedly, "if she knew just how fast I was ticking at the moment."

Diana was vexed to find herself blushing again, and said decisively, "The sun is gone, Penny. You're going to ruin those waves."

Aunt Penny reluctantly began to pack up her kit.

"Where do you collect your daughter?" Nicholson asked. "Is she playing with those children?" He indicated a group splashing happily at the water's edge.

Aunt Penny gave a little cackle of laughter, and even Diana's eyes were mischievous for a moment. "No. She's past kindergarten age . . . But thank you! Actually, Denise is in Europe at present doing a civilian secretary job in the Occupation Zone." She sighed.

He looked sincerely astonished, although he only murmured, "Really!" Then his eyes grew penetrating. "And you're worried over her? But there should be no danger for her."

"I tell her she's silly to fret," Aunt Penny was piling Nicholson's arms with easel and campstool. "She'll see her daughter next month when she goes to Paris on a buying trip. My niece is an executive in a New York department store, although she doesn't look it." She added tartly, "She looks as silly as most women."

At the car the Englishman bowed politely, refusing Aunt Penny's offer of a lift. He said he would continue his walk. The last they saw of him was his tall, spare figure leaning against the wind as he strode off down the beach.

Diana's thoughts went worriedly back to Denise, in love with this Buck Wyman, a young officer in the Occupation Zone. She never wrote about his family or his background . . . only that he rode divinely, having grown up with horses, and he had melting brown eyes . . . Diana's worry deepened.

The next morning Diana was in the garden giving vent to her restless energy by painting the wrought-iron gates. She was standing on a kitchen stool happily applying the first coat of red paint when she heard brisk footsteps and glanced round to see the tall Englishman standing in the gateway.

"Good morning," he said. "I was just walking by . . . How nice to stumble upon your house . . . Ah, Miss Dexter!" He bowed to Aunt Penny, who rose from weeding the pansy bed.

She pulled off her gardening glove and shook hands, inviting him in casually enough, although her eyes twinkled as if she guessed his finding them was the result of the city directory rather than chance.

Diana nodded from her perch and said, "Hello," then went on painting. How annoying, she thought, that he should again catch her in an undignified position and in the most outrageous clothes. She glanced down at her paint-stained old frock.

Then she heard her aunt cry out warningly, and she almost fell off the stool as she looked around and saw she had flipped red paint on Nicholson's immaculate trousers.

He glanced up at her horrified face, then raised quizzical eyebrows at Aunt Penny and asked softly, "Does she always mark her men?"

Aunt Penny chuckled and patted his arm with approval. "Not with red paint, as a rule! Don't worry. We'll clean it off with turpentine . . . Diana, come down and repair these ravages!"

Nicholson held up a hand, but she waved him away warningly. "I'm all sticky and painty!"

"Good enough," he said, and quickly put a hand on each side of her waist, lifting her down before she could protest.

For an instant she was close to him as she regained her balance, both of her sticky hands held stiffly outstretched. She could feel his intent gaze and kept her eyes turned stubbornly away.

But, oddly enough, she could still see the lean hard planes of his face bent near hers, the firmly cut lips, the keen blue eyes. She seized a bottle of turpentine and a clean cloth and motioned him to a chair.

"But I can't allow you to!" he demurred. "The cleaner will remove the spots. That is," he grinned, "if I don't decide to keep them to remember you by."

She silenced him with an imperious glance and sank down on the grass by his chair, vigorously attacking a blob of paint on his knee.

Aunt Penny, watching the cleaning job, said critically, "If you pull up your trousers to the knee, Diana can get a cloth underneath."

Not at all nonplussed, he did as she suggested and the cleaning went on. Diana knew that his amused eyes were bent on her face as she rubbed doggedly, trying to keep her hand from touching that brown, muscular knee.

"Tell me about your work, Mr. Nicholson," Aunt Penny demanded. "If you're with the Hospital Commission you must be a doctor."

"I'm an X-ray man," he admitted.

"Ha!" she said triumphantly. "I thought so! Those penetrating eyes of yours."

"I assure you I use machinery," he told her, smiling.

At that moment Martha, the old servant, came trotting out into the courtyard and announced luncheon. "I laid a place for the gentleman, Miss Penelope," she said, bobbing her head.

"Don't dare refuse," Aunt Penny told Nicholson softly. "You've received a Royal summons."

He would be charmed to accept, he said promptly, provided they would dine with him the following night.

As Aunt Penny nodded, pleased, Diana instantly thought that for once she would be properly dressed the next evening, looking like neither a beachcomber nor a house-painter.

Later that afternoon, when Diana came downstairs from a nap, she found her aunt in the garden collecting shrimp nets.

"Martha and I are going shrimping on the sea-wall after dark," she said, with a wave of her hand at the blue water that seemed to flow by just outside the iron gates. Indeed, only the paved street separated the old garden from the water.

Please turn to page 28

"How annoying to catch me like this," Diana thought, and unconsciously flicked the brush.

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The Star from South Africa

Alluring Moira Lister caps her London stage success with a leading role in the Pathe-British National film "Uneasy Terms". Miss Lister looks her loveliest in a glamorous new dress, decolletee, with a skirt that swirls to her graceful shoes by

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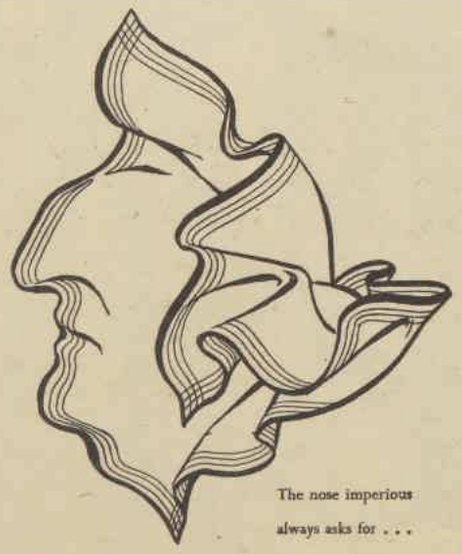

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My Love Will Come

Continued from page 4

SURE enough, always after the motor ship had stopped at the deserted reef, there would be the sounds of a boat coming from the hidden river that led to the mainland and of men's voices in the night.

Once a beautiful yacht called at the big reef.

"Belongs to some rich man who keeps her down here for the winter and doesn't know how she spends the summer," her grandfather said.

Most surreptitiously of all, and at long intervals, a dirty schooner put in at the south-eastern reef, and her coming was always at late sunset and she would be gone before dawn.

Liliom's grandfather frowned over the schooner.

"Keep away from her, child! Understand me?" But because the schooner was a mystery, she very much wished to know what was landed from it or taken away in it.

Meantime, her grandfather had got out a line of crawfish pots, and they had arranged with the captain of a snapper boat to take the catch to market, and suspected that he did not tell them when the price was high.

. . . . . .

Two years passed, and her grandfather arranged for the snapper captain to care for the cottage while they went to Santa Teresa in the Isle of Palms to sell their pink conches and polished hawsbill shell and the model ships that her grandfather had made.

It was to be a holiday, with two days each way in the catboat and a night spent in town. They would eat at a restaurant. If there was a motion picture, they would go to it.

The first sight of the Isle of Palms amazed her as it rose from the faintly rainbow-tinged mists of dawn.

She gasped, "It's blue!"

Palm-plumed crags, upland meadows steep as roofs, rich folds of forest, all were blue, and even the thread of a blue waterfall dropped down a lofty valley.

Her grandfather smiled. "It's not blue close up. You just never seen anything high enough to see it far away."

She was disappointed that she would not be able to pick blue leaves, but along the mountaintops was a line of gold, and then the sun flashed down a great valley to hang beards of gold on the drooping palm fronds and light, many-storied, golden buildings.

"I think angels must live in them —the golden houses!" Liliom exclaimed.

"Not angels, men. But always remember man's risen high as the angels—if he's sunk low as the devils too. Think of any good and brave and noble thing you can, and some man has done it. Then think of things so cruel they make you sick to think, and some man has done 'em too. Always there's been the evil, and always the good."

"But the good men will win, granddaddy?"

"It's popular to say so, but it ain't proven yet." He smiled. "Maybe that's for our souls' good. Ain't much credit to a man to back the team that must win. What takes guts is to back your team while the fight's still in doubt."

Then they were within sight of Santa Teresa and she was laughing with delight at the strangeness of the great cutter sails rising above the jungle as they followed the windings of an unseen river.

She thought how dear her grandfather looked in his captain's suit, and that she looked nice, too, in her blue slacks that were cut down from her grandfather's trousers and with her white blouse made from a linen dish towel.

Certainly, their catboat with its sky-blue paint and polished mahogany was the most beautiful catboat to be seen, and she felt proud of their appearance as they drew in toward the pier among the crowded sponge and snapper boats.

From the south a fine yacht was approaching, and they recognised her as the one that had called at the deserted reef.

"Owner's down for the winter!" her grandfather said. He made fast in the only vacant space and they prepared to unship their goods, when suddenly there was a boiling of water and a shout from behind them.

The great yacht was backing water almost upon them, and over her bow leaned a powerful man with a red, horselike face and bullying eyes.

He shouted, "Get out of there! You!"

Her grandfather looked up, and his eyes were hard. He said quietly, "This is a public pier and we docked first, son." He turned back to his unloading.

"Get out of there!" the red-faced man said. "I'm bringing my boat in."

"I don't reckon that last is possible, son," her grandfather said serenely. "I wasn't a master for forty years without knowing a flunky when I see one!" The shot went home, for the man's horselike face grew redder.

"Maybe," her grandfather said reflectively, "maybe, now, you've worked yourself up to supercargo or overseer. Overseer seems most likely, for the sea gives a man a sort of dignity, even if he ain't got none to start with. Either way, you've got more by bootlicking than brains. Had your type on my own ships, but never longer than it took to get garbage ashore."

The red-faced man made a gesture behind him. He shouted, "Get out of the way or get smashed!"

With terror, Liliom saw the yacht move in on them like a white wall of destruction.

In three easy movements, her grandfather unshipped the mast, lifted the great shark spear with its haft of three-inch, seasoned hardwood, and placed the barb against the yacht's side and the haft between the bracing of the pier, so that it butted on a pile, and, stooping, shot their own boat beneath the pier.

There was a sound of contact—a squeaking, a splintering, and the yacht surged toward the pier, but with the spear sliding inward through her white-painted planking! From within her, came sounds of crashing.

"Bagged 'em in the china basket," her grandfather said with satisfaction.

The red-faced man roared. The black crew goggled. The tramplings of a crowd shook the wharf above. Her grandfather lighted his pipe.

"Teach the red-faced son of a gun some manners!" he observed.

Next minute, khaki-uniformed Spanish-speaking soldiers were covering them with rifles. The soldiers made upward gestures, indicating that she and her grandfather were to come out with their hands raised; a feat both physically impossible and out of accord with her grandfather's nature. The soldiers shouted commands.

"Arroz y habichuelas!" her grandfather said. It means "Rice and beans!" and was the only Spanish he had ever bothered learning.

"Granddaddy, they'll shoot you!" Liliom cried.

"Doubt it," he said. "But if my time's come, it ain't going to come climbing up a pile like a blasted ape in pants!"

She had a horrible picture of him shot, and she cried out, "Do what they say, granddaddy! Please!"

"Don't leave my boat on any man's orders!" he said.

Unfortunately, it was taken out of his hands. One of the soldiers reached down with a sponge hook and with a swift heave upset the laden boat.

Liliom and her grandfather were in the warm and sucking green water between the piles, undignifiedly grasping at the upturned keel. Her grandfather roared with rage. Tears of shame and despair burned behind Liliom's eyes and only pride before the people prevented her from sobbing.

Their beautiful shells had sunk and the model ships that had taken such labor were being stolen by the crowd or bobbing away on the tide. She tried to clutch the little ships, and the crowd peering over the pier laughed at her. She swam grimly after one ship and brought it back.

To be continued

Interesting People

ENGINEER REAR-ADMIRAL JOHN W. WISHART, O.B.E.

. . . Naval Board member

NEW Third Naval Member to the Naval Board and Chief of Construction is Engineer Rear-Admiral John W. Wishart, whose last job was that of Engineer Manager, Garden Island, Sydney. Admiral Wishart, 56, was born and spent his childhood in the country town of Cowra, N.S.W. He joined R.A.N. in 1915 as probationary Engineer Sub-Lieutenant, first studied engineering at South Australian School of Mines.

MRS. NICOLA SPEED

. . . research for novel

VISITING Australia to collect authentic background material for her first novel is Mrs. Nicola Speed, of England. Story will centre on her grandmother, Mrs. Gilder, still remembered by elderly Sydney women who were her pupils at Merioola and Campbell Lodge schools last century. "She was fascinating, full of grit, the mother of a large family, and had to battle continually against poverty," Mrs. Speed says.

DR. HUGH ENNOR

. . . for National University

FIRST professor appointed to staff of Canberra National University, 35-year-old Dr. A. H. Ennor comes from Melbourne and is a graduate of its University. He has been appointed to the Chair of Biochemistry in the John Curtin School of Medical Research. Dr. Ennor has done research at the Baker Institute and at Oxford; he is at present senior biochemist for Commonwealth Serum Laboratories. He has two small children.

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Mary Hordern's Paris Notes

● Superbly simple coat, skirt, and blouse, top left, is by Jacques Fath. It is made to give a dickey effect, and when coat is removed the striped blouse is worn with a wide suede belt.

● Easy and becoming way of using taffeta, which is so much about at present, is shown in the Jean Desses frock, top centre. The low neckline has tulle flounce to match underskirt.

● Jean Desses shows, top right, how to use spots effectively and combine them with a wide cotton guepiere belt. It is made also in white self-spot with a green belt.

● Most interesting feature of the Robert Piguet frock, at left, is the yoke with its fullness held by a rose drawn through guepiere belt, stalk showing under lowest fold.

● Dickey of the check taffeta frock, at right, by Gres, is made of finest net or chiffon and is caught at the throat with tiny taffeta band. It hooks on to the bodice and need not be worn.

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STARS AT DOG SHOW

GROOMING for show proved too much for this spaniel, who, performance over, takes quiet nap on his owner's lap at a recent All Breeds Championship Dog Show in Sydney.

CAMERA holds no fears for Pamela Peggy, who licked her lower lip in traditional style of all photogenic beauties, before she smiled for photographer.

PARADE in public delights friendly Airedale, Belgrave Bronwyn, who shakes hands with easy charm.

PERSONAL APPEARANCE before their fans is a matter of indifference to Irish setter champion, Athlone Bandit, and his co-stars, who place themselves in best pose to show silky coats.

OFF-STAGE snap of family party, taken as gold-and-white cocker spaniel, Apollo of Lambrigg, and his pups await their turn to be judged in show ring.

SUPERIOR attitude to fans is natural to Sealyham, St. Margaret's Marsala, whose half-brother is Princess Margaret's pet.

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Archery the coming sport in which you've got to hit the mark. You will — in Jantzen sunclothes. At last there are really well cut shorts for men because Jantzen is making them. For girls there are Jantzen shirts as well as shorts. Sleek as an arrow. Even at tennis you can leap high at the net, or race for the back line, and your Jantzen shirt and shorts play perfectly as partners. No creeping up or sliding down—those shorts have fractional waist fittings. So have Jantzen slacks.

So, be attractive while you're active . . . you've now got Jantzen for landlubber sports as well as the briny ocean !

The lady on the left . . . her tennis set, "Tournament" shorts and "Playmate" shirt, is tailored with all the skill of Jantzen styling from a high-quality, imported rayon.
His shorts . . . of highest quality American cotton gabardine. Elasticised waist feature in centre back and adjustable self-fabric belt assures comfortable, perfect fit.
On the right . . . her "Sleek" shorts of crease-resisting "Moygashel" rayon are perfectly tailored for casual wear. The colourful "Reindeer" pattern of her printed "Moygashel" shirt is exclusive to Jantzen.

Jantzen

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CRISP PIECES OF WHITE

● On a black sheer dress wear a white broderie anglaise corselette laced with black velvet ribbon. Line a black hat with cool matching white.

● Give accent to a black chiffon dress, with black velvet midriff and deep hemline border, by surrounding the shoulders with a ruffle of white lace.

● A dear little cocktail party accessory is a crisp white broderie anglaise bolero to wear over any plain dark dress.

● As a suit accessory wear an old-fashioned white broderie anglaise jabot, starched and frilly, and on one cuff tie a pretty, large matching bow.

● To give a much-worn suit a gay, new life, cut the neckline wide and low and outline it with snow-white organdie.

Yes! you young lady...

Now is the time to realise how easy it is to plan for your future happiness. To plan for more enjoyable holidays; for those pretty things so good for your morale; for a lovelier trousseau and the little extras which will make your future home so much more beautiful.

If you are not interested in wedding bells, plan for pleasure; for the joys of travel; for early retirement from business; for a life of comfort and contentment. Realise that freedom from want and worry are your greatest blessings. Brighten your future and further your plans with an account in the Commonwealth Savings Bank.

At current interest rates a regular deposit of 1/- a week would amount —
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DOCTORS PROVE THE PALMOLIVE PLAN brings 2 out of 3 women

Lovelier Skin in 14 days!

"I felt I could be a prettier picture!" says Mrs. G. Brown, of Concord, N.S.W. "My skin was so oily and dull I felt it spoiled my appearance. I was completely discouraged! Then, out of the blue, came a chance to try the 14-Day Palmolive Plan, under a specialist's supervision. I had already tried other things, but they hadn't helped . . .

"But what can I lose?" I said to myself, and off I went to become one of a group of women making the test. We were a very mixed group — some, like me, with oily skins; others with dry; some just normal. After a careful skin examination by the doctor, we were given the Palmolive Plan to use at home for 14 days.

"Here's all you do: Wash your face with gentle Palmolive Soap. Then, for 60 seconds, massage with the soft, lovely lather. Rinse well! Do this twice a day for 14 days. This cleansing massage brings you Palmolive's full beautifying effect. After 14 days — well, it was surprising! My doctor reported that my skin was far less oily. It was cleaner and clearer, too, and my make-up went on so much better."

DOCTORS PROVE PALMOLIVE'S BEAUTY RESULTS!

You, too, may look for these Skin improvements in only 14 days!

Less oily — clearer

"My skin became less oily," reports Miss Donnelly, of Chatswood, N.S.W. Excessive oiliness often leaves skin blotchy-looking . . . robs it of that clear, lovely look. The Palmolive Plan brought definite gains to 88% of the women who had oily skin. See if it won't help *your* skin become less oily . . . clearer.

Less coarse-looking — smoother

"Skin less coarse-looking in just 14 days," reports Mrs. M. McIndoe, of Rozelle, N.S.W. The doctors reported that almost two-thirds of the women tested won smoother-looking skin. Reason enough for every woman who longs for a younger-looking complexion to start the Palmolive Plan to-day!

Fewer tiny blemishes

Tiny blemishes — incipient blackheads, often caused by improper cleansing, respond in most cases to the 14-Day Palmolive Plan. "My skin improved a lot," says Miss G. Barrington, of Bondi Junction. The doctors found finer-looking, clearer skins in more than half of the cases tested. See what Palmolive can do for you!

Fresher, brighter colour

"Skin brighter, healthier," reports Mrs. F. Campbell, of Bankstown, N.S.W., after testing the 14-Day Palmolive Plan. The examining specialists report this same important skin improvement in two out of three of the women tested. See if this Plan brings you a fresher, healthier skin . . . and in only 14 days!

P.S.— A Daily Palmolive Bath or Shower gives you All-Over Loveliness.

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Disappointment when Royal Tour cancelled

Winding up of plans involves great deal of strenuous work

From ANNE MATHESON, of our London staff

I was on board H.M.S. Vanguard when I heard the news: "The King is ill and the Australian tour is cancelled."

I saw not only the great concern for the King's health that cast a gloom over the ship, but felt the disappointment that enveloped 1100 hand-picked members of the ship's company.

I REALISED later that that moment was the beginning of a great unwinding of Royal tour preparations — an unwinding that has gathered momentum ever since.

But even on Vanguard, as everywhere else in Britain, the great hope expressed was the same as that voiced by Mr. Chifley—"that His Majesty would accept, in its entirety, the advice of his doctors."

The ship's company and the personnel of the Royal party certainly shared with Australians and New Zealanders the deep disappointment felt at the cancellation of the tour.

"We were right on the top line for our last coat of paint," said a young lieutenant ruefully, "and our 'work up' was complete. We'd had all the drill on that shakedown cruise in the Mediterranean recently."

He was one of the young officers most disappointed, because they were looking forward to dancing with Princess Margaret and the ladies-in-waiting on the way out in the ship.

Reminders of the South African Royal tour are everywhere in Vanguard, though the personnel of the ship is entirely changed. In the wardroom, Princess Elizabeth's signed photograph, by Cecil Beaton, has a prominent position.

The cuttings book of the South African Royal tour was pasted up with plenty of empty pages for the Australian trip.

"It isn't the first time a battleship has been taken off a Royal tour," another young officer said philosophically. "Repulse was taken off before the Canadian tour and the King and Queen went by liner."

I had spent the previous evening with Princess Margaret's newly appointed lady-in-waiting, Jennifer Bevan, at the flat of her grandmother, Lady Lucan, in Portman Square.

Twenty-one-year-old Jennifer returned to London only last month from Canada, where she was lady-in-waiting to her aunt, Lady Alexander, wife of the Governor-General of Canada. Jennifer's mother was Lady Barbara Violet Bingham, now Lady Barbara Bevan. Lady Barbara was one of the Queen's bridesmaids.

Jennifer had promised to pose for a photograph for The Australian Women's Weekly before going to the Palace to learn some more about being lady-in-waiting to Princess Margaret.

At the Palace she was told by the Princess that the tour was cancelled.

How Margaret felt can best be learned from her new lady-in-waiting.

"Princess Margaret was miserable about the King, bitterly disappointed about the tour, and seemed to need my company to share her unhappiness," Miss Bevan said.

Margaret's tasks

"It was a sad beginning for our association."

Although the tour is off, Jennifer remains lady-in-waiting to Princess Margaret. The appointment of lady-in-waiting is at first temporary, "till we see how they like each other," a member of the Court circle informed me when Jennifer was appointed.

With Princess Margaret taking over more and more of the official duties of the Royal Family, she will need Miss Bevan as her lady-in-waiting. So London will see more of the slim, unspoiled, dark-haired Jennifer, who modestly classes herself a "shorthand-typist," and the career she wishes to pursue that of a secretary.

Miss Bevan will have plenty of secretarial work now. At Buckingham Palace, part of her training will be helping to reply to the thousands of letters of sympathy for the King's illness that are pouring in

RECENT PICTURE of the King, which shows how His Majesty has lost weight since his illness. It was taken as the King and Queen left St. Margaret's Church, Westminster, with other members of the Royal Family after the wedding of Lady Margaret Egerton to Mr. John Colville.

Dressmakers, milliners, and accessory makers were thrown into confusion by the news that the tour was cancelled.

The Queen's clothes for the tour and for great State occasions overseas are much more handsome and heavily embroidered than usual, but there will now be fewer State events in England, and these the Queen will attend alone.

Many of the stiff satin crinolines and diaphanous garden-party dresses will get little wear, and these are the most expensive items in the Royal tour clothes.

Courts and garden parties, which usually take place in the summer months, had been brought forward to January in order that Their Majesties could receive next year's debutantes before leaving England. But it is likely that these will be cancelled, and Court functions will take place in the summer, as before.

The Queen's milliner, Hugh Beresford, had only received snippets of materials to match for the Queen's hats when the tour was cancelled.

The hats would have been very specially designed with an eye to the Australian sunshine, so it is lucky that none had been started, he said.

Raynes', who were making both the Queen's and Princess Margaret's shoes, will deliver as ordered such shoes as are finished.

Again some were to tone with dresses, and had not been begun.

Such items as sunshades and light handbags were not chosen.

Glamor dresses designed for Princess Margaret were very lovely, diaphanous, and lightly beaded with pailletes and delicate traceries of tiny beads and embroidery.

They will be quite unsuitable for the English summer.

Princess Margaret realised this at once and said to both Captain Molyneux, who was summoned to the Palace, and Norman Hartnell: "Put them away unfinished, and I'll hope for a hot summer soon when I can wear them."

But she decided to wear one of two glamorous evening frocks already completed by Molyneux to the command performance of the British film, "Scott of the Antarctic."

Fortunately, Jennifer Bevan had not ordered all her frocks for the Royal tour.

Clive Duncan, a young Scottish designer who is making a name for himself in the West End with youthful, very feminine clothes, has made some of the glamor dresses.

"But these will be lovely for wearing at home," Jennifer said.

Her wardrobe, she confessed, needed building up, since the "new look" came in and left her with short frocks that wouldn't lengthen.

Most disappointed member of the King's Flight is Wing-Commander Bill Tacon, D.S.O., D.F.C., a New Zealander, whose ambition to show the King something of his own country will not now be realised.

King's Flight reduced

"WE are disbanding the flight," Wing-Commander Tacon said. "Its normal establishment is three Vikings, and we are reducing the flight back from five.

"The routine work we do here is flying members of the Royal Family to official engagements and visits abroad. The extra two Vikings are at present tied up in calico covers that were made to protect their specially shiny surface for the tour.

"The schedules we worked out, the maps, and all the survey work done in New Zealand and Australia for the tour are now 'on ice' against a future date."

The members of the King's Flight who are leaving since it was reduced will go on to the Berlin airlift and some to special courses in other branches of the Royal Air Force.

CHARMING FAMILY GROUP of the King and Queen and Princess Margaret, specially taken for release in Australia.—Dorothy Wilding.

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Editorial

DECEMBER 11, 1948

THE KING'S ILLNESS

DISAPPOINTMENT at cancellation of the Royal Tour has been followed by continuing concern about the King's health.

Throughout the British Commonwealth, everyone feels personal sympathy for a likeable, simple man, as well as for the ruler of a great empire who has borne his responsibilities with a painstaking sense of duty.

The distressing circumstances which led to his accession, and the anxieties and perils he has shared with his people in the 12 years since then, have placed a tremendous strain on a constitution that was never robust.

There is warm feeling, too, for the Queen and the Princesses in their sorrow about the King's illness, and the extra duties they must carry out for him.

Whether or not Princess Elizabeth becomes Regent until her father's health improves, she must constantly sacrifice to official engagements much of the precious time that a mother likes to spend with her child.

She will face a heavy, exhausting programme of public appearances. She will have to play a leading part in keeping up the morale of the British people during these troublous times.

In their affection and admiration for the Royal Family, Australians wish the King a speedy return to good health.

Everyone hopes that the preparations already begun for the Royal Tour can be happily resumed in the not too far-distant future.

Scientists' sojourn in Arnhem Land

Girl lived among lubras to observe way of life

By FREDA YOUNG, of our Adelaide staff

Margaret McArthur, M.Sc., of the Australian Institute of Anatomy, who has just returned to Adelaide after spending a month with aborigines in the Gulf Country, found that lubras, like other women, keep themselves going with snacks.

Although the men have only one big meal a day, the women, whose job it is to get the smaller items of food, are often in need of a break, Miss McArthur said.

ARNHEM LAND EXPEDITION. From left: Mr. Fred McCarthy, of N.S.W.; Mr. C. P. Mountford, of S.A., leader; Dr. Frank Setzler, deputy-leader and anthropologist; Mr. Ray Specht, botanist, of S.A.; and Mr. Kelvin Hodges, biochemist, of Canberra.

SO they get their firesticks, whip up a fire, and prepare a little something for themselves and their kiddies, after they have dug up some roots.

Miss McArthur was a member of the expedition of two women and 14 men who have just returned after eight months in Arnhem Land, in the Gulf of Carpentaria.

Accompanied by an aborigine and his lubra, who was her interpreter, she went off to Port Bradshaw to join an unknown tribe 20 miles away.

She lived with them for a month while she was making nutrition studies, and much to her surprise was regarded as something of a heroine by other members of the expedition.

The tribe hadn't too good a reputation, but she wasn't worried, and was amused when one old man kept telling her stories of the people he had killed.

"There was nothing brave about it," she told me. "There was a time when Arnhem Land did run to murders, but I did not give anyone a reason to hurt me.

"There were times when I must have been a perfect nuisance to the tribe, especially when they were hungry and ready to begin a meal.

"They would come in very tired from hunting, laden with good things, maybe a kangaroo. They would prepare and cook their food, and just when they were ready to start I would come along with my calico bags and scales, scoop all the food up, and weigh it."

DR. BRIAN BILLINGTON and Miss Margaret McArthur, both of whom were members of the Arnhem Land Expedition. Dr. Billington, who grew his beard on the trip, did research on aboriginal health, and Miss McArthur lived with the lubras of one tribe for a month.

Miss McArthur tasted all the aboriginal foods, most of which she liked, and sent off dried samples of everything to Canberra for analysis.

She, of course, required the white man's addition of salt to kangaroo flesh, turtle, goanna, or vegetable roots.

The natives are hard-working people, Miss McArthur found. The men concentrated on hunting and fishing, and the women had to find the fruit, vegetables, and small meats such as snakes, goannas, bandicoots, and turtles.

They went off day after day, so, in common with most of their sex, their work is never done.

But if the men were lucky enough to spear a kangaroo yielding about 90lb. of flesh, they could go slow the next day, and stay about the camp, repairing spears, canoes, or making turtle traps.

Liver, heart, stomach walls, kidneys were delicacies, and these would be cooked and eaten first.

"The food is all dry cooked, although occasionally fish is boiled. For dry cooking, when the fire is quite hot, they scrape the coals away, put their food into the hot sand, pack it with hot stones, and cover with hot ashes," Miss McArthur said.

"Fish is delicious and I'm going to cook it their way if occasion offers. They gut the large fish, but the small ones they leave whole.

"They put them on an open fire, and the skin and scales lift off, to reveal the most delicious flesh," she said.

Yams and other root vegetables are a little like parsnips in texture. Some yams are quite long, 2ft. 6in. by 1½in. in diameter.

They cook all their vegetables for a short time, including lily roots, of which they are very fond.

Wild honey is relished by the aborigines, and often the young scientist's heart would jump into her throat when she saw her young interpreter shinning up some tall tree, at the very top of which was a "sugar-bag" (hive) of the native bees.

"I didn't do more than taste the food," Miss McArthur emphasised. "They had to work so hard it would not have been fair for me to eat full meals. When they gave me something I would give it nearly all back.

"I took enough food for my aborigines and myself," she said.

"There wasn't a dull moment in the whole month. I generally followed the women and children all day, though I did accompany the men, too, to observe their methods.

"The women would plan in the morning where to go, and unless there was food left over from the day before they would not eat until they found something. They sometimes walked about eight miles a day.

"Even the five-year-old girls are taught to identify plants. By nine they are quite keen food gatherers. A twelve-year-old girl is responsible for getting food for herself.

"The older boys go with the men, and learn how to spear fish, catch small turtles, and to handle a canoe.

"But they are not responsible for bringing in food.

"The women carry the firesticks, and I don't know yet how they keep them alight, but it seems true that a blackfellow's fire never goes out."

Miss McArthur won the confidence of the women in the age-old way. She took notice of the children and nursed the babies.

The aborigines are indulgent parents, she says, and very kind to their youngsters. Once she had the children's confidence, the rest was simple.

She tried to play their string games, joined in their tracks-in-the-sand play, and they taught her their songs.

Different sorts of food-carrying equipment were used at each camp. The women carried everything hanging from their heads to leave their hands free for digging.

At Groote Eylandt they made bark baskets tied at each end; at Port Bradshaw, beautiful string bags; and at Oenpelli, long, deep pandanus baskets.

If these receptacles were empty the babies were popped into them. If there was food plus baby, the food went behind in the basket or bag and the baby was swung in front.

At nights they would sit round the campfires, stories or legends were told, and they might dance or have a corobboree, with the women joining in. Music was made with clapsticks or drone tubes.

"I loved the rhythms of the drone tubes, which are long, hollowed pieces of wood with a hole in them," Miss McArthur said.

Natives encountered by the expedition all wore clothes. The men wore loin cloths, and some of the women wore either a blouse or skirt. Others wore both.

They seemed to love clothes, which they got from the mission stations or from friends or relatives living at the mission.

Leader of the expedition was Mr. Charles P. Mountford, of Adelaide, who was accompanied by his wife as "right-hand man."

The National Geographic Society of America, the Smithsonian Institution of Washington, and the Department of Information, Australia, arranged the expedition.

Object of the expedition was to add to the world's knowledge of the Arnhem Land tribes, considered stone-age people.

When periodically newspapers came in their mail it was, to the two women and 14 men of the party, just like getting a message from Mars . . . the outside world seemed so remote and unreal, members said.

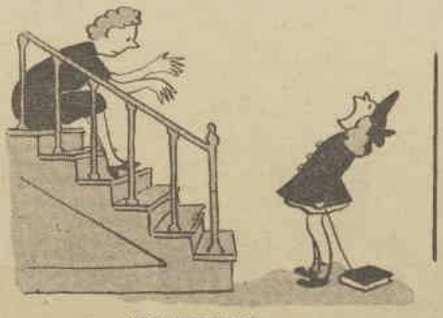
The enthusiastic scientists collected 25 tons of specimens, including 10,000 fish, 406 animals, 800 birds, and 13,500 tropical specimens. They made records of cave paintings, songs, and legends, 190 string games, and took five miles of color film.

EXCITEMENTS SHARED

SCIENTIFICALLY interesting "finds" by any member of the Arnhem Land Expedition excited and thrilled all other members of the party. On one occasion when a special dinner was arranged to celebrate the wedding anniversary of the leader, Mr. Charles P. Mountford, and Mrs. Mountford, American ornithologist Dr. Herbert Deignan rushed into camp, announcing he had discovered an egret not previously known to be in Australia.

Everyone trooped out to inspect the bird and forgot the party.

"MO-THER !"



"MO-THER !"

"I'm home."

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ROMANCE OF MANNEQUIN AND OPERA SINGER

LIGHTER VEIN in music for Alvino Misciano when he sings a love song to the accompaniment played by his fiancee, Paris mannequin Mouny Neussbaum.

MANNEQUIN Mouny Neussbaum poses for our fashion photographer in a Jeanne Lafaurie swimsuit. Mouny came to Australia for The Australian Women's Weekly 1948 Paris Fashion Parades.

Mouny will wear very simple frock for marriage

By MARY COLES, staff reporter

COSTUME of Edgar in "Lucia di Lammermoor" enhances the good looks of Alvino Misciano.

Whirlwind romance between lovely French mannequin Mouny Neussbaum and handsome Italian opera singer Alvino Misciano was foretold by a fortune teller, who read Mouny's palm before she left Paris.

"I forgot all about it, because I think it is nonsense, until I met Alvino," she confided shortly after cancelling her return trip to France, to remain in Australia.

Both admit it was love at first sight.

CONGRATULATORY telegrams and messages have been pouring in to the young couple—among them a message from our fashion editor, Mrs. Mary Hordern, who was responsible for Mouny coming to Australia.

Mouny was the first of four girls chosen by Mrs. Hordern for our 1948 Paris Fashion Parades, and she is recognised as one of the leading mannequins in Paris.

Mrs. Hordern says of Mouny: "She is ideally suited to hold a representative position in the cosmopolitan world of the opera. A charming, intelligent girl, I always found her most considerate both in Paris and out here. She is outstanding at her job, and her thoughtfulness makes everything easier for those working with her."

Mouny and Alvino met in Melbourne when the Italian Grand Opera Company was appearing at the time our parades were being held there.

Mouny, dining at the Florentino, well-known Continental cafe in Melbourne, saw Alvino at nearby table.

Fate also ensured that Alvino saw Mouny.

"It was his eyes that attracted me most," she says.

Man of action, Alvino quickly spied a mutual friend and introductions were exchanged. Admiration for each other grew after Mouny heard Alvino sing the part of Rudolph in "La Boheme" and they had a dinner date.

The following day Mouny left Melbourne to take part in the Fashion Parades in Adelaide, but their romance continued to flourish with the arrival of letters from Alvino.

Later, just before Mouny was due to sail for home with the other French mannequins, she spent a few days in Melbourne.

Cupid won. When the ship sailed from Port Melbourne Alvino and Mouny, with her hurriedly taken-off luggage, stood on the wharf and waved the other girls good-bye.

They're both still in rather a breathless condition about how it all happened.

"No! No engagement ring," beamed Misciano, via an interpreter, when I asked him what sort of ring he was buying for Mouny.

"We love each other. All other things are not important. We get married soon; maybe not so soon. I cannot tell. When I make up my mind I do it suddenly. The only thing we know now is that we love each other," he explained again.

Mouny has a great liking for Sydney, and she thinks the marriage will probably take place there after the Italian Opera Company returns from its tour of New Zealand.

At the moment they are still busy getting to know each other. And it's "a job."

Alvino shrugs his shoulders when Mouny speaks to him in her Italian, and Alvino is far from being able to carry on an animated conversation yet with her in French.

Mouny radiantly says Alvino "popped the question" in both French and Italian just to make sure she understood.

After her marriage Mouny will give up her mannequin work, and she looks forward to setting up housekeeping in a villa in Rome.

She says she is inexperienced in culinary arts. Alvino broke in that she could cook spaghetti very well the ordinary way, but he was going to teach her how to cook it in the real Italian method.

Mouny says she is very fond of spaghetti, "and I liked it very much, too, before I met Alvino."

Although Mouny has won fame wearing glamorous gowns for leading French dress houses, when her own wedding takes place she intends to wear a very simple informal frock.

She has not yet got round to making plans about who will attend her. Her immediate task the day I met the happy couple was finding a few quiet moments to write to her parents in Paris to tell them she was not aboard the ship bound for home, as they imagined, but still in Australia, and that the prediction by a fortune teller that she would meet her fate while in this country had come true.

As soon as Misciano can get round to it he also has to write to his parents and sister in Italy about his vivacious, fair-haired French bride-elect.

In Sydney the pair are staying with members of the Italian Opera Company at Belvedere Hotel for the season.

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"A Godsend to us"...

bedridden nearly a year, now up and about again

If you are suffering, this letter will interest you.

She writes:

"Recommended by our chemist to take Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids for Rheumatism, I must write and tell you what **a godsend they have been to us.** My shoulder and knees and feet are now free from pain, the first time for years.

"My sister suffered terribly from swollen joints and **was in bed for nearly a year.** I sent her a flask of Menthoids and she felt so well after the first bottle that she continued taking them and I am thankful to say she is now up and about and does her own washing and housework again.

"My husband used to suffer a lot with Lumbago and swollen knuckles but since he took Menthoids it has gone and he has never been troubled with it since. I tell everyone I know about Menthoids."

Yours sincerely,

(Mrs.) Ruby L."

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Much of this suffering and loss can be ended by helping your blood stream to wash away the body poisons that cripple you.

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See how quickly Menthoids will rid you of that unhappy, depressed feeling—those aches and pains that are sapping your strength—and give you a new lease of life and youthful energy.

More letters praising MENTHOIDS *come from all corners of the Empire*

Company Director writes:

"Before taking Menthoids, I had been going steadily downhill for 12 months. Life was becoming intolerable. Maddening pain kept me awake every night. I could not lift my arm above shoulder level and was utterly listless and depressed. A friend recommended Menthoids and, within a week, I rapidly began to gain my old-time vigour and activity. To-day I feel ten years younger."—R.A.M., Managing Director.

Farmer's wife says:

"I have been taking your Menthoids for 6 months for Neuritis. My back and legs were so painful I could hardly get any rest, but, since taking Menthoids, at the end of the first bottle, I was cured from all pain . . . I have recommended your Menthoids to three different people who have thanked me immensely for the good they have done them . . ."—Mrs. L.

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Menthoids are not simply a pain reliever. Menthoids treat the **cause** of your bodily aches and pains. Nearly all medicines are so changed in the digestive system that their healing and medicinal properties are destroyed. But the wonderful ability of Menthoids to remain unaffected in the digestive system enables Menthoids to continue their medicinal and internal cleansing action through your kidneys and blood stream.

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If you suffer from simple High Blood Pressure, constant Headaches, Dizziness, Rheumatic Aches and Pains, Kidney and Bladder Troubles, Backache, Sciatica, Lumbago and similar ailments, get a month's treatment flask of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids for 6/6 with Diet Chart, or a 12-day flask for 3/6, from your nearest chemist or store.

If far from town, pin a postal note to a piece of paper with your name and address, and send to

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Keep a note of the number of your postal note until you hear from us.

Pressure like this against your joints, causing pain, suggests damage by uric acid, etc.

Pressure on back indicates area affected by germs and poisons, causing backache.

Your spine is another area often attacked by uric acid, causing painful pressure on nerves.

Loss of some of your youthful suppleness is often the first sign of uric acid accumulating in your muscles and joints.

In such cases as these Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids are a valuable treatment.

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HAZEL

"Your ball gown came."

BUTCH

"I'll admit I was at th' cash register, but I ain't gonna take th' rap for them lemon pies!"

It seems to me . . .

By

Dorothy Drain

MORE newsprint means more space all round, so that among other restorations to the paper my face is back in this column.

Jack Hickson, who took the picture in the office studio at the end of a busy day, is a man of immense patience. Begging me to lift my chin, but not so high; to smile, but not so wide; to stop talking, the while he shifted lights up and down, he burst out at last: "Those blanky glasses. Take 'em off."

I reminded him that readers who remembered the picture in the column a year ago would think I had acquired either more vanity or contact lenses. So he persevered.

Jack has taken hundreds of beach girls, mannequins, and babies.

The easiest people to photograph, he says, are professional mannequins. It is hard to pose untrained people. You can't pose babies at all, but need plenty of time and film to catch them unaware.

It is just as difficult to get men to assume a natural expression for a portrait as it is women.

"But you can be ruder to men," says Jack.

* * *

THE opera season now in full cry in Sydney proves that discomfort in clothes means nothing to women.

After seeing those billowing yards of taffeta, net, and tulle jammed into the rather narrow seats of the Tivoli Theatre; having noted a few rips in the skirts of expensive model gowns; and seen a couple of hems after they'd been trampled on up and down stairs at every interval, I shall never again make any rash statements about clothes needing to be designed for modern conditions.

For that matter the day clothes we're all wearing now are most unsuited to modern transport. Getting upstairs in a double-decker bus in full skirt 11 inches from the ground is really hazardous.

In fact, if you do stagger up stairs on our morning bus nowadays you find fewer and fewer women. The girls would just as soon stand on the lower deck as risk tearing down a hem.

Even sitting in trams and buses the skirts trail on the floor.

There may be some graceful way of clutching a string bag on the lap, reading the paper, and hauling the skirt out of harm's way, but if so I haven't discovered it.

* * *

TALKING of fashions, it takes a long time for fashion news to permeate to academic circles, but eventually it does.

One of the essay subjects in the recent intermediate examinations in New South Wales was "The New Look."

I wonder if any of the young examinees made any crack about the "new look" being the old look by now.

It was rather startling, too, to see a leaflet describing a concert by a Sydney musical group—a programme of Burkhard, Hindemith, Bartok, and Benjamin Britten—as "The New Look in Music."

* * *

THE three top men stars in a popularity poll conducted by an American movie trade magazine were Bing Crosby, Gary Cooper, and Clark Gable.

Those three boys are all 43. That ought to be very encouraging to middle-aged men—not that they need any encouraging.

YOU can't help thinking back to examination days when you see those pictures in the dailies of the young, earnestly bent over their nice clean sheets of foolscap in the examination halls.

I liked the comment of the mother of three daughters that I know. Her husband had done his Arts degree after marriage, and then it seemed no time till one daughter after another was sitting for examinations.

When the youngest daughter's name appeared in the Leaving Certificate results the mother heaved a sigh of relief: "Thank heaven," she exclaimed, "I've passed my last examination."

* * *

A PLAN in Sydney to paint yellow lines down some footpaths is designed to force pedestrians to keep to the left.

"The Open Road," journal of the N.R.M.A., comments rather sharply: "If properly policed this should start the much-needed training of pedestrians."

As one of a long line of pedestrians, I object.

Sydney traffic is notoriously the wildest and woolliest in Australia. To see cars and trams racing each other across at intersections where a policeman is not on duty would strike terror to the heart of anyone on two feet.

We pedestrians, on the other hand, are rash and intrepid creatures, whose courage as we leap from trams on the wrong side or weave our way between banked-up cars is worthy of admiration.

* * *

FOLLOWING the success of a similar scheme in London, the Legion of Ex-Servicemen in Sydney is arranging for young married couples to "exchange" in-laws.

In London couples who found it hard to get on with their own in-laws discovered they could get on quite well with other people's—to whom they were merely tenants.

The scheme was soundly based. The biggest obstacle to relatives living together is that most people feel they can be so much franker to their relations. Frankness so often amounts to rudeness.

* * *

AMONG the summer's crop of price rises at some picnic resorts is hot water—from 3d. to 6d. a billy.

There are joys in life as great, but few that I would rate
Any better than the building of a fire,
And in summer by the sea
One can make a fire for free,
So why worry if hot water costs go higher?

Though the bystanders may choke if your effort starts to smoke
Just tell 'em tea tastes better done that way.
Having gathered up your sticks
You can build a fire for nix,
And forget the cost of living for a day.

There are those who'd rather gas—well, it takes all kinds, alas—
But on outdoor tea it's simply not a patch,
And where fires are not banned
You can build a blaze that's grand—
Excuse me, did you think to bring a match?

As if we didn't know!

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G.—APPLE BLOSSOM GIFT BOX — containing fragrance fresh as spring. Perfume Concentrate, 9/9; Skin Perfume, 7/7; Body Sachet, 7/7; Face Powder, 6/6; Lipstick, 7/11; Bath Essence, 12/5.

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WED AT BROMPTON ORATORY. Captain Michael Turner Bridger, Coldstream Guards, and his attractive Australian bride, formerly Pat Coen, younger daughter of Dr. and Mrs. J. Coen, of Vaucluse.

AT "TOSCA." Mr. Henry Wilkins, from England (left), Mr. Lionel Coppleson, Mrs. Otto James, and Mrs. Coppleson in foyer of Tivoli Theatre at premiere of "Tosca." Mrs. Coppleson wore lovely gown of white organdie with stencilled orchids, and pinned a matching Cattleya to corsage of her gown.

COUNTRY INTEREST. Brian Crowley and his pretty bride, formerly Pat Fenner, leave St. Michael's Church, Vaucluse, for reception at Royal Sydney Golf Club. Pat is twin daughter of Dr. and Mrs. N. E. Fenner, of Collaroy, and Brian is only son of Mr. and Mrs. Brian Crowley, of Orell, Merrywinebone. Couple will make home at Merrywinebone.

NAVAL WEDDING. Lieut. Norman ("Knocker") White, R.A.N., of H.M.A.S. Bataan, and his lovely bride, formerly Lesley-Ann Weedon, leave St. Augustine's, Neutral Bay, for reception at Avondale Golf Club. Bride is only daughter of Mrs. Weedon, of Cremorne, and late Mr. John Weedon.

TWENTY-FIRST BIRTHDAY. Ward Argue (seated, right) receives birthday congratulations from Bill Smith and Jane Wynne (standing) and Margo Ormonde (seated) when his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Roy Argue, of "The Lodge," Mount Wilson, give celebration dinner party.

Intimate Jottings

FLYING Doctor John Woods arrives back from trip to England and U.S.A. just in time for his daughter Betty's marriage with Dr. Bill Kennedy.

Marriage is culmination of romance which commenced when Bill went to Broken Hill to act as locum tenens for Dr. Woods when he went off for trip abroad for post-graduate work.

Betty and Bill have early morning wedding at St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, Broken Hill. Betty's parents and Bill's mother, Mrs. E. Kennedy, of Manly, are present at wedding, and Betty's young brother John gets special permission to fly home from Scotch College, Melbourne, to be there. Kathleen Grewar, of Melbourne, attends Betty, and Roy Robinson, of Broken Hill, formerly of Adelaide, attends Bill.

After reception Betty and Bill board plane for Sydney, where they spend part of their honeymoon in suite at Australia Hotel before leaving for South Coast. Betty's brother John plays the role of "gooseberry" with honeymooners on plane as far as Mildura, where he waits for plane to take him back to school in Melbourne.

• • •

RECENTLY returned from honeymoon spent at Coolangatta, Queensland, Mrs. John Gibson Wilson searching city for antique furniture for her new home. Erica was formerly Erica Begg, elder daughter of Dr. and Mrs. W. Begg, of Wauchope. She and John, who is the only son of the G. E. Wilsons, of Marylands, have flat at Ashfield.

TOWN'S full of starry-eyed young sub-debs, getting their party wardrobes organised for gay round of dances as soon as horrors of exams. are over and holidays commence.

Some parties have already taken place among Sydney's "younger, younger set," who are now getting round to party-going in earnest.

Pat Storey and Barbara Scott invite young guests to party at Woollahra Golf House this Wednesday.

On the same date Margaret Chapman, Barbara Gordon, and Diana Merrett join forces and have dance at North Sydney.

On Friday Shirley and Ruth Moore have party at their home and the next night Barbara Hawke and Marjorie Small have dance at Woollahra Golf Club.

Three lads, Pat Harvey, Alastair Hazard, and Murray Lloyd, have dance on December 13 at Woollahra Golf Club. Adrian Gray has dance on December 14 at his home at Kensington. Pretty Fay Coppleson will have dance at home on December 18, and young Gillian Galbraith will have dinner dance on December 21 at Rancliff.

TWO dances on December 23, when Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Parker invite young friends to their daughter Twink's coming-out dance, and Barbara Jones has dance at her home at Bellevue Hill on same night.

David Joseland will have dinner dance at Rancliff on December 20, and Brian Burton and Dick Treweeke choose Pickwick Club for dance on December 29.

Jill Pratten celebrates birthday with luncheon party at home of her parents, the Graham Prattens. Jill's birthday is on December 22, and her parents will give dance for her at end of summer holidays.

• • •

HEAR from Toowoomba that recently wed pair, Mr. and Mrs. Cam Robertson—she was formerly June Dickinson, of Sydney—are receiving lots of callers now they have settled in their new home. They have a pretty house on the Range.

TAREE interest in wedding of Jean Sharpe and John Cross. Jean is the eldest daughter of Mrs. Sharpe, of Taree, and the late Captain D. S. Sharpe, and John is the second son of Mr. and Mrs. O. J. Cross, of Bondi. Couple marry at Pymble Presbyterian Church and reception is at Delvena, Chatswood.

• • •

THEY'RE announcing their engagements . . . Vera Green, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. B. Green, of Lenroy, Wanaaring, via Bourke, to Raymond Forby, of Bourke . . . Heather Pulling, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Pulling, of Camden, to John Day, younger son of the Norman Days, of Camden . . . Gloria Willott, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. Willott, of Longwick, Eglinton, Bathurst, and Hugh McLeod, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. D. H. McLeod, of Gympie, Queensland.

RECEPTION at Pickwick Club follows marriage of Cecily Macaulay, only child of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. J. L. H. Macaulay, of Pennhurst, when she marries Alan Nettleton, B.Sc., B.E., only son of Mr. and Mrs. L. G. Nettleton, of Balgowlah, at St. Stephen's, Macquarie Street.

Matron of honor Mrs. J. M. C. Fraser, and sister of the bridegroom, Joycelyn Nettleton, and Olga Thompson were bridesmaids. Geoffrey Hollingworth, John Thompson, and Warwick Josephson attended the bridegroom.

Joyce

WED AT ST. MARK'S. Mr. Harold Bottomley, of Pymble, with his bride, formerly Mrs. Elsa Beiers, widow of Colonel Harold Beiers, A.I.F., and daughter of Mrs. E. Jackson, of Neutral Bay, and late Mr. Jackson. Attendants Mrs. Reg Pollard and bridegroom's brother, Mr. Joe Bottomley.

RED CROSS WORKERS. Mrs. Joan Neild (left), Mrs. C. J. Heathers, and Helen MacKinnon send out books of cards in Red Cross Christmas Card Art Union. Cards can be obtained at all Red Cross branches and at Red Cross House, 27 Jamieson Street, Sydney.

YOUTHFUL SPECTATORS. Aline Edwards (left), Robin Gurr, Margaret Glenehan, Anabelle McCall at Horse Show at Castle Hill Show Grounds organised by Entertainment Group Torch Bearers for Legacy. Approximately £700 was made at Horse Show.

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WORTH Reporting

AUSTRALIAN soprano Jean Love, whose voice was praised by New York critics last year, will pay a visit to Australia early next year before making a concert tour of the United States.

Her home town of Hamilton, in Victoria's Western District, hopes that her first recital in Australia will be given there, where she was well known as a child singer.

A Melba Scholarship winner, Jean, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Leslie W. G. Love, of Middle Park, formerly of Hamilton, went to the U.S.A. ten years ago and studied with leading teachers.

She married an American poet and composer, Sydney King Russell, and now has two little daughters, Vicki, aged two, and Melinda, aged one month.

Jean's career started in early childhood at Hamilton, where she was in great demand for singing at children's concerts.

When she was 13 Mr. Norman Lee, one of J. C. Williamson's producers, selected her to play a leading role in "You're In Love," which he was producing at Hamilton.

On his advice Mr. and Mrs. Love did not let her have any tuition until she was 17—a move which proved very wise, Mrs. Love says.

At that age she started to train under the late Miss Muriel Cheek, at Melba Conservatorium, Albert Street, Melbourne, and at 18 was awarded the coveted Melba Scholarship for the full term of three years.

She was the first scholarship winner to be sent abroad under the scholarship for the final year of her training, and on the suggestion of Lawrence Tibbett and Lotte Lehmann, both of whom heard her sing in Melbourne, went to New York. Her mother accompanied her and stayed five years.

When she's not engaged in giving recitals, Jean and her family live at Palm Beach, Florida.

While in New York, where they have an apartment on Fifth Avenue, they play tennis at Forest Hills.

Sydney King Russell, composer of many songs, including "Journey's End" (made popular by John Charles Thomas, who is a personal friend), "Children of Men," "Fulfilment," and "The Way To the Town," has written several songs specially for his wife, and she'll probably feature them in her Australian recitals.

Shawl for Prince

SOME time ago, Mrs. A. Robertson, of Hurstville, N.S.W., was given by her brother-in-law a fine fleece from a pet merino sheep bred on his property at Molong.

She scoured the fleece herself and prepared it for spinning, spun it into two-ply, and scoured it again in the skeins. From it she knitted a shawl, 48in. x 48in., weighing 7½oz., and taking 126 hours of work.

She wrote to Buckingham Palace, offering it as a gift to Princess Elizabeth for the baby Prince, and was delighted to receive a letter, signed Margery Hay, Lady-in-Waiting, saying that the Princess would be pleased to accept it.

"Yes, I've heard a lot about you, Morton. You're a medical student, and you can name every bone in my body."

Court hairdresser

WHEN we talked with hairdresser John Evans the other day in his salon at Bondi Beach, Sydney, he was dressed neatly but comfortably in a black alpaca coat, white shirt, and dark trousers.

In days gone by, however, when he worked as a Court hairdresser at an exclusive London hairdressing establishment, his manner of dress was entirely different.

While working in the salon he wore a superbly tailored white linen coat with dark collar and cuffs, over trousers that had to be immaculately pressed.

When he sallied forth to attend clients in their homes he wore striped trousers, morning coat, and top hat.

It is 30 years since Mr. Evans, a white-haired, courteous man, tended the locks of the British nobility, but his eyes shone with fond memories as he recalled those days.

He explained to us that the title "Court hairdresser" was applied to one who dressed the hair of debutantes and other guests at Court.

"I worked for Foakes, in New Cavendish Street, and our clients included Queen Mary's ladies-in-waiting and the feminine members of many of England's most important families," he said.

"They were the nicest women: never late for appointments and always amiable and friendly."

He recalls the Countess—now the Dowager Countess—of Ellesmere, as one of Foakes' most distinguished clients

"The boss always dressed her hair and every year she and the Duke would take him to Paris, pay all his expenses, in addition to a handsome salary, and place a car and chauffeur at his disposal."

Reunion

REMEMBERING the days when we were happy in the service, we went along to an AW.A.S. reunion.

Two hundred and forty-nine other women went, too, all, like us, wearing dresses to the ankles, and fetching hats lashed with veiling beneath the chin. We expected to see some of the old short haircuts and low-heeled shoes, but we were wrong.

Conversation took place at a high pitch, mostly on the lines of: "Meggie has two (children) with a third any day. Weren't you in camp with me?"

We liked best the snatch of conversation we heard from an ex-officer, of rank unknown to us.

"I suppose you've noticed," she said to a friend, "that dozens of O.R.s have gone overseas?"

O.R.s, you might remember, were Other Ranks.

Handbells at wedding

WHEN Miss Jean Short and Mr. Bernard Tickner were married recently at the War Memorial Church of England, Cabramatta, members of the New South Wales Association of Change Ringers, of which the bride's father is a member, rang handbells.

It is the first time in the history of the association that handbells have ever been rung in changes at a wedding.

As the bride and her father walked from the car to the church, five members, conducted by Mr. W. M. Rowe, secretary of the association, rang grandsire triples.

The same ringers rang changes, and the bells were "fired," that is, all struck together, as the couple left the church.

At the wedding reception, the E. McDonald Handbell Trio played selected tunes. This trio uses 12 bells simultaneously. Each ringer has two bells in each hand.

These and other association members, including the bride's father, Mr. H. Short, also gave exhibitions of change ringing on the handbells.

Handbells, which are made of bell metal and imported from England, range in size from 1¾ inches across up to 8 or 10 inches. Those used on this occasion were up to 3½ and 4 inches across. One set of 14 bought recently in Sydney cost £50.

* * *

UNEXPECTED hazard in the current mode: A friend of ours, bound for a Melbourne holiday, made herself a calico petticoat with a wide embroidery frill, and starched it stiffly to wear with a late afternoon dress.

She discovered that after one wear the starched frill had scarred her nylons with as many catches as if she'd spent the afternoon blackberrying.

Music printing

MR. MURRAY PARKER, inventor of a "machine for typewriting and printing music," and his partner, Graeme Bentley, are busy with Christmas work at the musical printing bureau they run in Melbourne.

They are now working on thousands of copies of hymns for the Carols by Candlelight celebration in Melbourne.

Mr. Parker has many inquiries from overseas both for machines and for the typing of orchestral parts. He is also working on a new process to simplify typing of orchestral parts and for duplicating.

Mr. Parker, who is 31, is a professional musician. He is a Bachelor of Music of Melbourne University, plays the clarinet and the French horn.

His machine for typewriting and printing music was the result of ten years' work.

The machine (which he patented this year) prints stave lines, notes, accents, clefs, instructions—everything necessary for printing music. The words can be printed between the staves.

Typing a melody as simple as "God Save the King," for example, can be done at about the usual rate of singing.

Chords are "played" as arpeggios, but appear as chords. The right hand hovers over the keyboard to pick out the heads and legs of notes, the flats and sharps; the left controls lengths and positions.

In general the machine bears a resemblance to a typewriter. It has two keyboards, dissimilar but related. One looks like the keyboard of an adding machine, the other more like that of a piano.

Mr. Parker did a great deal of research before producing his present model. Designs for such machines, he tells us, were on drawing boards as long ago as 1882, but only two types to his knowledge were ever constructed, and, he thinks, did not prove very satisfactory.

THE LITTLE SCOUTS

"Never mind lookin' for a match, Monty—here's one of them fellers that lights 'em with sticks!"

A gift of glamour

Here's a gift of new lip beauty . . . Michel — the lipstick that stays on longer — that has a subtle, seductive perfume exclusively its own. Give *yourself* a selection of Michel in glowing, fashion-right colours to match your every mode and mood.

P.S. Every woman will love the gift of a selection of Michel lipsticks in fashionable colours for every occasion. Make this a Michel Christmas.

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Film cry-baby now amiable man of the world

Freddie Bartholomew's hobby is building speed cars

By staff reporter AINSLIE BAKER

Former boy film star Freddie Bartholomew, now 24, whose crinkly brown hair, melting brown eyes, and slender physique made him a natural for portraying good-boy roles, and netted him some 1,000,000 dollars, is visiting Australia as a night-club entertainer.

Easy mannered, relaxed, completely amiable, Freddie is to-day a happily married young man — the tantrums, tears, and heart-wrenchings of his boyhood Hollywood films far behind him.

IN the middle '30's the Bartholomew name was never long absent from headlines of the world Press. A series of lawsuits, brought by relations who thought they were entitled to share the earnings of the boy star, greatly dissipated his fortune, caused family bitterness so deep it has never been eradicated.

At one time two of his sisters instigated a suit asking for 10 per cent. of his picture earnings.

Now that he's older and has achieved a philosophical viewpoint, he'll talk about his family quite freely.

His mother and father are still alive—somewhere in England, he says. He hasn't seen them for years. He speaks without apparent bitterness of Aunt Cissie as his adopted mother.

But what ex-cry-baby, now poised man-of-the-world, Freddie Bartholomew *really* likes to talk about is his marriage.

"This is the first time in three years of marriage that Maely and I have been separated," he said. "I miss her all the time.

"It's awfully lonely living in a hotel by yourself and coming back at night to a room that's empty except for luggage."

Freddie's sudden marriage to press-agent Maely Danielle, six years his senior, completely broke the already strained relations between himself and Aunt Cissie, his friend and boyhood adviser.

"There are only the two of us now," he said. "And until we have a settled home of our own, and I cease moving about, that's how we want it.

"When we eventually settle down in one place long enough to have a proper house, with a nursery and a garden, we hope to have a family of our own."

Though some of his securities and a fair part of his bank balance are still intact, Freddie to-day hasn't even a home by which to remember his child-star affluence.

The one in Hollywood built with early earnings is occupied by Aunt Cissie.

It was she who took him to Hollywood from England as a boy of ten, guided him through the palmy but troubled days of his child stardom.

The Bartholomew lawsuits have come to be regarded as a classic example of what can happen to a child actor whose earnings are not sufficiently protected.

"The best thing that can be said of so much unpleasantness is that many of America's child-labor and trust-fund laws have been brought in as a direct result of my legal battles," Freddie said.

"Maely's a blue-ribbon cook now," he went on, "though she was a career girl until we were married."

He said the dish he's most looking forward to when his wife joins him in Australia in a few weeks is onion soup.

"With garlic rubbed on the bread that's floating on top, and plenty of grated cheese," he added.

Freddie says if his son or daughter wants to act in films, that's all right with him.

"For a child it's the most exciting thing in the world to be working on a big film," he explained. "Life's just a merry-go-round, with certain hours of schoolwork, resting, learning lines, and playing scenes with famous grown-ups.

"Don't get the idea that these weren't happy years for me, because they were," he said. "But the future's going to be even better."

Because he believes that all really good actors have brought years of stage experience with them to film-making, Freddie has been playing in the theatre since he made his last picture, "The Town Went Wild," just over three years ago.

To broaden the scope of his experience, he has appeared as an entertainer in American night-clubs, putting on the same type of act as he is doing in Australia.

His most memorable roles are the name parts in "David Copperfield," made soon after his arrival in Hollywood, and "Little Lord Fauntleroy."

Though his film commitments prevented him from going to High School with girls and boys of his own age, Freddie says that he made plenty of friends among the neighborhood kids after school hours.

Frail-looking on the screen, the frail and weeping film star Freddie Bartholomew was a tough guy in real life.

"We were mad on baseball and football; we had regular teams and used to spend all our spare time playing," he said.

The war and marriage have toned down the youthful Bartholomew worship of toughness and the gang.

"To-day I guess you could say I'm more respectable," he said. "My hobby is building and racing speed-cars.

"I've got my own machine-shop back in the States. One midget racing-car I made from an old chassis and spare parts finished up by reaching 127 miles an hour," he said.

For night-club work Freddie adopts the easy, relaxed manner first made familiar by Bing Crosby.

"I sing a little, play the piano, wander about and tell a few jokes," is how he puts it.

He sings rather in the intimate, half-talking manner of top-liners Hoagy Carmichael and Johnny Mercer—mooches about, lights cigarettes, rubs his ear with his finger, pulls his ear.

He likes to clown round with the band-boys, ribs those associated with him, doesn't mind taking a ribbing or looking a fool himself.

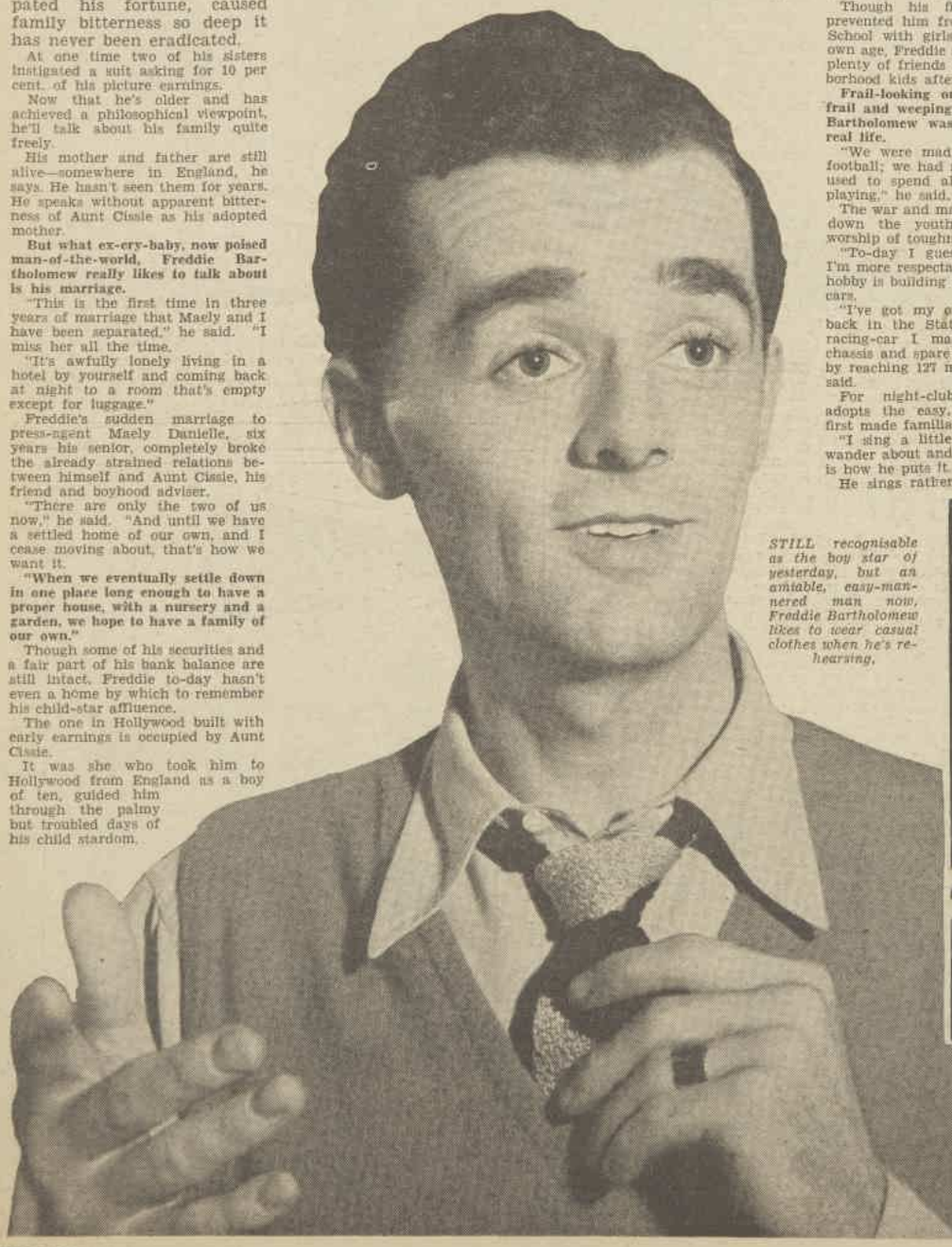
He beats out the rhythm with suede shoes when he plays boogie, rests his lighted cigarette on the edge of a grand piano, puts on straight - shafted, horn - rimmed glasses to consult over a band part, talks with an American intonation. But his impeccable, informal manners are wholly British.

"I've certainly had my share of troubles," is the good-humored way Freddie refers now to the past litigation, of which he was the youthful central figure.

"Until you start to make big money you certainly don't know that you've got so many relations. But that's all past now."

Asked how it was that he never sang in pictures, he replied: "Why, don't you remember? There was no time for singing in those days—I was always too busy crying."

FOR BLUES SONGS Freddie adopts the casual, half-talking delivery found effective by top American blues men. His isn't a great voice, but for intimate-style numbers it goes over well.



STILL recognisable as the boy star of yesterday, but an amiable, easy-mannered man now, Freddie Bartholomew likes to wear casual clothes when he's rehearsing.

FREDDIE plays a hot boogie number, as part of his act. For his own pleasure he plays the classics.

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Conference plans a better life for Asiatics

INFORMAL talk over coffee at Lapstone Hotel for Mr. George Caiger, general secretary of the Australian Institute of International Affairs, Dr. W. Bulcock, Director-General of Agriculture for Australia; Miss Eleanor Hinder, United Kingdom delegate, who is Australian and was the only woman delegate; and Mrs. H. Robson, interpreter.

OBSERVERS from Nepal at the conference, Tara man Sinha and Samba dev Panday, were picturesque figures in their national dress.

CENTRAL figure in E.C.A.F.E. administration, Dr. P. S. Lokanathan, executive secretary, with his wife, who wears brilliant sari, jewels, and diamond nose-studs.

Food, housing, industry on agenda at big E.C.A.F.E. gathering

By BETTY WILKINSON, staff reporter

To millions of men and women in Asia, who have never heard of Lapstone, New South Wales, the international conference being held there by the United Nations Commission for Asia and the Far East may mean fundamental changes in their living conditions.

For delegates at this fourth session of E.C.A.F.E., founded in March, 1947, by the United Nations Economic and Social Council, hope to see a vast plan implemented for the rehabilitation of Asia in the same way that the Marshall plan is aiding Europe.

BURMESE housewives making shift in temporary houses in Rangoon because there are no building materials to replace their homes destroyed by bombing; families living in dormitories in China because shortage of petrol forces the husbands to live near their work; women pounding rice by hand in Indonesia to get the utmost vitamin value out of it—these are the people who look to E.C.A.F.E. for aid.

For months E.C.A.F.E. working parties have gathered particulars of what capital, goods, machinery, and technicians are needed to set these people on the way to a better standard of living.

The results of this research are being discussed at Lapstone and the findings of the conference will go to the United Nations Economic and Social Council.

During a recess I talked with chairman of the conference, the Sawbwa of Mongmit, the Hon. Sao Hkun Hkio, of Burma, who drew a graphic picture of the problems of his country.

Although Burma has timber in abundance the Government cannot go ahead with reconstructioin of the 13,000 buildings destroyed in Rangoon because there is no roofing, he explained to me.

So families are being forced to live in temporary buildings and industries cannot be rehabilitated.

"But the war has so affected our trade balance that we cannot use too much of our earnings from exports for building materials; we must have heavy machinery and agricultural implements as well," he said.

Mr. J. van der Ploeg, Secretary-General of the Department of Agriculture and Fisheries in Indonesia, said that introducing substitutes for the rice Indonesians had always eaten presented an enormous psychological problem.

"It is not easy to get people to eat maize, tapioca, sweet potato, and sago, instead of rice. How would you like to be told you must eat rice all the time instead of bread?" he said.

"It will take us five years to be self-sufficient in rice production again after losing our irrigation works during the Japanese invasion.

"In order to get the greatest value out of the rice we have encouraged the women to hand-pound it, instead of having it milled. By this means the vitamins are retained.

"But our greatest problem is the supply of animal protein. The Indonesians have always got this through dried fish. Pre-war they were able to import 100,000 tons, mostly from India and China. Now it is too expensive.

"So we are building up our own fishing industry. To do this we have established fishing stations, and boats are supplied by the Government at a low rate.

"Fresh fish is too expensive to transport, so most of it is dried or salted and sold without any control through the Government fish markets in big centres."

Tuan Haji Mahomed Eusoff, leader of the Malayan delegation, said his countrymen had to be actually at the point of starvation before they would eat substitute foods instead of rice.

They find it impossible suddenly to change their diet. They cannot produce enough for their needs, and the cost of rice is five or six times pre-war.

Mr. Andrew Gilmour, also a Malayan delegate, said that, apart from the distaste for rice, another difficulty arose in the lack of any cooking facilities for any other kind of grain.

"The Government is doing its best to educate women in different methods of cooking flour, but they have no yeast and no fat," he told me.

In Singapore the Government has established feeding centres for children, where they are given one good meal a day, and throughout the Malay States all schoolchildren are given milk each day.

An unexpected treat comes the way of children at the centres sometimes, as, for instance, on Princess Elizabeth's wedding day, when they were given two large oranges and ten pieces of butterscotch each.

In the industrial development of China, one important factor, according to Dr. Li Chao-ming, leader of the Chinese delegation, is that existing small industries are being expanded as much as possible, in their present locality, to avoid any uprooting of population.

"But when we have to build new factories in any city we build at the same time dormitories as living quarters. Sometimes these house 200 workers, and others are occupied by groups of small families.

"The reason for the domitories is the extreme shortage of petrol, which would otherwise have to be used to bring the men to work."

Dr. Li is in charge of the Board of Trustees for Rehabilitation Affairs, run by the Government, and his organisation employs more than 100 technicians from abroad, some of them Australians.

One of the industries these men are helping to establish is fishing. They are training fishermen to run motor-boats imported for the purpose.

"Our chief aim is to raise the standard of living," said Dr. Li. "To take a specific instance, there is the paper industry.

"We continue to run it as much as possible with the old technique, using a minimum of machinery, but with enough technical improvements to give more economic production and therefore better wages.

"In all industries we make as much use as possible of local raw materials, with a minimum of machinery, so that employment is increased."

Mr. Pande, one of the Indian representatives, said that his delegation wants to see E.C.A.F.E. advise the United Nations that Asia should be of as much importance as Europe and receive the same help in development and reconstruction.

Mr. Pande said India no longer had any communal problem, as the 40 million Moslems who remained after the partition of India and Pakistan did so of their own will.

"In addition, thousands who left have returned, and there are plans for building a new town for refugees near Delhi," he added.

Also attending the conference from India, but as an observer and not a delegate, is Mr. Ratilal Gandhi, a member of the famous Mahatma's family, who represents the International Chamber of Commerce, and is in Australia on a food mission, "to buy as much of your wheat as I can, for as little as I can."

"This conference is a splendid clearing house for information for the territories concerned," said Mr. N. J. L. Janez, assistant-secretary of the Ministry of External Affairs in Ceylon.

"Ceylon has been 100 per cent. agricultural, but now the trend is to increase our industrial development. We cannot have heavy industries, but want to manufacture paper, textiles, cement, and plywood for tea chests.

"To do this we need technical assistance."

BEAUTIFUL lace sari is worn by Mrs. Rahman, wife of one of the Pakistan delegates, Mr. S. H. Rahman (left). With them is Mr. S. Haq, public relations officer of the Pakistan delegation.

INTENSE interest in proceedings is shown by leader of Siamese delegation, H. S. H. Prince Prosobsuk Suksawat, a grandson of the King of Siam whose story was told in film "Anna and the King of Siam."

INTERNATIONAL group (from left) Mr. Ratilal Gandhi, of Indian Food Mission; Malayan delegates Tuan Haji Mahomed Eusoff and Mr. Andrew Gilmour; United Kingdom delegate, Mr. P. J. Keogh.

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Just What the Doctor Ordered

Continued from page 5

HECTOR arrived at Carol Wyatt's doorway on the appointed Tuesday evening. He waited for her in a rather business-like sitting-room, which, he judged from the well-thumbed magazines, also served as her waiting-room.

She finally appeared wearing her mischievous look, and also a pretty smart black dress and broad-brimmed black hat. This outfit made her eyes look darker than ever, and her hair burnished and bright.

"You'd better take along something warmer," Hector advised.

She nodded and disappeared. When she returned, she was carrying a handsome silver-grey coat over her arm. Hector eyed it as they walked out of the door.

"That's good-looking," he said.

"It was my brother Dick's," she said. "He outgrew it when he returned from the Army. So I had it cut down for me. He swears by this particular firm's sportswear."

"Your brother and I evidently have something in common," Hector said, reading the maker's label as the coat hung over her arm. He showed her the same label in the collar of the jacket he was wearing. "See? I get mine at Keen's, too."

"Well, well," Carol said. "Great minds think alike, apparently."

"I'm going to take you to a little place I'm very fond of," Hector said, as they went down the escalator to the underground station. "It's rather a long way out, but worth it when you get there."

"That sounds exciting," Carol said.

In the train, Hector learned that she thought a lot of her brother Dick, who was now a successful barrister. They had been brought up in a small country town, and Dick had helped to pay for her expenses at the medical school.

Hector then led the conversation to politics, and was pleased to discover that he and Carol saw eye to eye. She was flushed with interesting observations and conjectures and criticisms by the time they arrived at the Guinea Hen Inn. Altogether, Hector was well satisfied with the way things were developing.

"Come on," she said suddenly, smiling at him, "it's your turn now to tell me what you do."

"Do?" Hector repeated vacantly. He cocked his head and frowned thoughtfully.

Carol looked at him reproachfully. "You are obviously not penniless," she said. "You wear Keen clothes, for instance, and I happen to know what Dick pays for them. Furthermore, one glance at this place tells me that the charges are probably quite heavy."

"Oh," Hector twisted modestly in his chair and gave her a winsome smile, "I have a little money of my own. I wouldn't be a millstone round anybody's neck."

Her cheeks grew pinker. "What do you work at?"

"Oh," he said. "I have a few harmless little hobbies. I like fishing in the summer and snow sports in the winter. And I love to cook. Also, of course, I like to draw pictures."

"What kind of pictures?"

"I design most of my own clothes," he said.

Carol stared incredulously.

"I'm so glad I met you," Hector said with a little sigh. "Women—well, they play around with me, but they always shy away in the end. They love my cooking, but eventually it makes them jealous. They always want to make the souffle. I have always hoped to find some woman who would like me as I am, and not try to chase me out of the kitchen and turn me into a managing director or something."

As they walked back from the station to her flat, she leaned back her head and looked up at the stars.

At the entrance to the block of flats in which she lived, Hector stopped and grinned at her. But she seemed lost in her thoughts.

"Well, how was it, Carol?" he inquired. "Was it fun for you, too?"

She nodded and sighed. "Wonderful," she said in a puzzled tone. "Wonderful."

"In that case, when do we meet again?"

Carol was thoughtful. "That's really quite a difficult question. I just don't know when I'll have any free time."

Hector was quick to recognise this as a challenge. "Oh, it doesn't matter," he said. "Ring me when you have a couple of minutes. I'll give you my number."

She glanced at him.

"Something like a late breakfast might be a good idea," he suggested. "You could read the paper and rest your feet, and I could toss off something light. How does that sound?"

"Very attractive," she admitted.

She rang up on Thursday. Hector hastily put aside his sketches, donned a good-looking jacket and loud tie, combed his hair, and plumped up the cushions on the settee, whistling a merry tune. When the bell rang, he admitted her with a solicitous smile.

"Hallo," said Carol. She wore a rather nervous and challenging look.

"Had a busy morning?"

"Two appendicectomies and one baby," she said. "Not bad." She strolled across the room and studied a series of silver cups on his bookcase. "What's all this about?"

"I went to Switzerland a long time ago. That was really when I learned to ski. Did quite a lot of jumping."

She read the inscriptions on the cups, then examined the photographs taken in Switzerland.

"Sit down," he said, taking her arm and leading her to an easy chair. He pulled up a footstool. "Put up your feet. I'll make you a cup of coffee in a jiffy."

There was tension about her as she sat reading the paper which amused him as he set to work in the kitchen. When he entered the living-room and began to set the table by the window, she gave a guilty start.

"Sit still," he said. "I enjoy all this. It makes a nice little break in the day."

She shook her head as she tasted first the souffle, then the coffee. "You can certainly cook," she said.

"Thank you," Hector said modestly. "Some day I'll make you some apple fritters."

Carol frowned as she munched. "I can't even boil an egg."

"Why should you?" he asked soothingly. "You can do so many other much more important things. I am very proud of the work you do."

Carol swallowed her coffee, shooting him a suspicious look. Hector smiled disarmingly.

"Do you think you'll have time to look at some sketches I drew this morning?"

"Yes," Carol said, glancing at her watch. "A few of them, anyway."

He offered her a sheaf of drawings. The telephone rang, and he answered it, while she surveyed the drawings, not taking them very seriously. He dispensed with the caller and came back to her.

"This," he said, explaining the top one, "is what I'd like to wear fishing."

"Very fetching," she said dryly. "Are you planning to go fishing?"

"I dream about it," he said, "and I wouldn't want to look out of date when I went fishing."

Carol cleared her throat. She was beginning to look uncomfortable. Hector took the drawings away from her. She picked up her handbag and gloves. He walked with her to the door.

"Good-bye, Carol," he said. "Ring me when you have a minute."

She glanced at him in a troubled way. He bent and kissed her impulsively on the cheek. She gave him a strange look with darkening eyes, and tottered down the corridor to the lift.

. . . . . .

On Saturday night Hector took Carol to the theatre. It was a musical comedy. He held her hand in the darkness, and their laughter was like a shared confidence.

When they went out to the lobby during the interval, they ran into her brother Dick and his wife, Betty. The Wyatts looked at Carol, then at Hector, then at each other. An expression which seemed to say, "Well, at last!" was vivid on their faces.

Hector was distinctly pleased by this development, but Carol seemed uncomfortable and anxious to get back to their seats.

When the curtain went up, she did not seem to be able to lose herself in the laughs as she had done during the first act, and she did not give her hand to Hector with the same abandonment as before.

When he kissed her good-night, she closed her eyes. Then she opened them and sighed.

"Oh, Hector," she said, drooping.

"What's the matter?"

She shook her head. "Never mind."

She rang him at mid-day the next day.

"Had a busy morning?" he inquired sympathetically.

"Yes," she said. "Have you dreamed up any swimming trunks or shooting kit?"

"No," Hector said. "I've been experimenting with my hair this morning. I tried parting it in the middle. I think I may grow a beard."

"Hector," she said.

"Yes?"

"My brother wants to meet you. And there doesn't seem to be any way out of it."

"Oh, but I'd like to meet him," Hector said.

"Yes, well, they suggested coming to the flat on Sunday, before I make my evening rounds."

"Oh, good," Hector said. "And then perhaps I can come with you while you make your calls. What shall I wear, Carol? Shall I wear my blue double-breasted or my herringbone tweed?"

"I don't care what you wear!" Carol had to steady herself, for she almost screamed, "But Hector——"

"Yes?" he said sweetly.

"Let's keep the conversation off ski-ing clothes and skating jackets," she suggested.

"Just as you say," Hector agreed cheerfully.

CAROL was wearing one of her smart dark dresses when Hector arrived at her flat on Sunday afternoon. She was extremely nervous.

"It's a perfect day, isn't it?" he said, to put her at her ease. "I had a wonderful idea this morning for a fascinating skating boot."

She turned the subject firmly and abruptly to politics.

Betty and Dick arrived at four. Betty smiled at Carol with an understanding and congratulatory gleam in her eye. Dick shot a quick man-to-man look at Hector.

"What do you do, Mr. Kennedy?"

"Well," Hector said, "I suppose what I do really comes down to drawing a few pictures now and then. But I feel I have my work cut out cooking for Carol. She doesn't have enough home-cooked meals."

Dick's look of cordiality faded perceptibly. Betty bravely took over.

"What kind of pictures do you draw?" she said encouragingly.

"I design a lot of my own clothes," Hector said modestly.

"Well," Betty commented gallantly, "you look very nicely dressed, anyway."

"All I ask from mine is a Keen label," growled Dick.

The instant tea was over, Dick and Betty said they really must be going. They kept their smiles bright and their chins up to mask their disappointment as they shook hands with Hector and were seen to the door by Carol.

Hector then accompanied Carol on her evening rounds, waiting for her in her car outside each address, reading the Sunday paper.

After the last visit had been completed, Carol drew a long breath. "Hector," she said, getting into the car and slamming the door, "can we go to your flat, now? I want to have a talk to you."

But once inside his living-room, she refused to sit down, standing awkwardly just inside the door, biting her lips. He put his arm round her. She stiffened.

"Don't touch me, please," she said.

Hector sat down and lighted a cigarette. Carol perched on the arm of his chair.

"Hector," she said, "you're really much too bright to go on drawing pictures of yourself in hunting hats and swimming trunks." Her self-control gave way and she concluded vigorously, "You ought to be doing some real work!"

"So," said Hector, gulping, "you're just like all the others. You love my souffle, but it isn't enough. You'd like me to be managing-director of some imposing firm!"

"Oh, Hector," said Carol, her eyes bright, "do be serious for once!"

"Darling," he said, "may I just point out that you have changed completely?"

She pursed her lips and her eyes were guiltily elusive.

"Well, all right," she said, "perhaps I have changed, but meeting you seemed to knock out all my nice little theories. Oh, Hector"—she looked as warm as she had the night she held his hand when he was coming out of the anaesthetic—"perhaps I could help you find yourself."

"Perhaps so," he said. "I've certainly done a good transformation job on you."

She peered at him, baffled.

"Those clothes are part of my business, dearest," he said. "I design sports clothes for he-men like your brother. I got into it by accident in the first place, but now I've got a nice, cosy little business by the name of Keen's."

Carol slumped.

"Don't take it so hard, darling," Hector said. "I'll still go on making souffles."

After a moment, Carol walked hesitatingly across the room and put her hand on his shoulder. He grinned up at her.

"I feel pretty small, Hector," she said. "From now on, I'll try to be clever, like you. Perhaps I can even learn to cook in my spare time. After all, if you can find the time with a big job like yours, I certainly ought to be able to."

"You'll do just as you are," he assured her.

"Hector," she said, "will you marry me?"

"Save your breath, darling," he grinned. "It's in the bag."

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Romind

There'll Be a Moon To-night

JUST before dusk the old servant went across the street to fling the shrimp bait on the water, and after supper, armed with nets, buckets, and flashlights, Aunt Penny, Diana, and Martha went out across the street, over to the sea-wall.

Diana straddled the wall and held the flashlight down on the dark water, which teemed with the tiny bubbles of feeding shrimp. She watched, charmed, while Aunt Penny stood on the wall, the huge circular net held expertly, one end in her teeth, hands outstretched.

With a whirling motion she flung it out and it settled in a perfect circle over the rippling water. As it swiftly sank she drew the line taut and began reeling it in.

"Get a bucket of water," she called, but Diana wasn't listening. She had abandoned both buckets and flashlight and was staring intently down the street. A tall thin figure strolling along had just passed under a lamp post, and Diana gasped tensely.

"Penny, I do believe—— Oh, it couldn't be. Look. I think that man Nicholson is coming down the street!"

"Could be," Aunt Penny said carelessly. "He heard me say I was going shrimping and was curious . . ." She was helping Martha pull up a bucket of water for their catch and her voice sounded guilty.

"Is this a conspiracy?" demanded Diana bitterly, looking down at her present costume. She was in shorts this time and a windbreaker, her hair tied in a green scarf. She turned the flashlight deliberately upon her aunt's face.

"Penny, you fraud! I do believe you've fallen for that man!"

"Well, he's lonely." But a dusty pink stained Penny's leathery cheek. She hailed Nicholson vigorously. "Good evening! You're just in time. I need a strong arm on this bucket. They're striking like magic."

"He's too dressed up," demurred Diana, nodding a greeting. Her glance flicked his impeccable sports clothes.

"Mrs. Garland," he murmured, touching her hand, for an instant. Then he promptly began to remove his coat. He glanced across to the iron gates of the garden, standing ajar.

"If I may chuck my coat and tie and shoes in your garden, Miss Dexter, I can really help."

"Go ahead," she said, chuckling, and he was off.

In a few moments he came striding back across the street, a startlingly incongruous figure, bare-legged, with trousers and shirt sleeves rolled high. He was grinning broadly as he straddled the sea-wall facing Diana.

"This is capital!" he said. "I wouldn't miss it for anything . . . How in thunder do you learn to cast that net without throwing yourself in with it?"

Diana was struck anew by his complete absence of self-consciousness. He didn't care in the slightest how he appeared or what anyone thought of him. It was very refreshing.

She couldn't help smiling at his absorbed interest, his eager questions, and she laughed delightedly with Aunt Penny as he almost went overboard the first time he tried to cast the net.

Aunt Penny was calling him Nick before the evening ended, and she was "Miss Penny" to him. Even Diana, during moments of excitement, became "Here, you Diana, lend a hand!"

Once when she and Nick hung over the wall on their stomachs hauling in a full net, he turned a wet, grinning face to her and said, "Nice going! I'd ask nothing better than you beside me if I had to earn my dinner in this fashion every day!"

And she gasped back, "Shrimp cocktail at the Ritz was never like this!"

They were wet and muddy but exhilarated when they finally crossed the street into the garden, burdened with buckets of shrimp and wet nets.

While Nick cleaned up downstairs, Diana ran up to her room, changed her dress, and brushed her tousled hair vigorously. As she made up her face she couldn't help noticing with faint awe how clear and rosy her skin looked. She looked almost as young as Denise.

Downstairs she found Nicholson alone in the living-room. He was once more his immaculate self, except for faint wet streaks on his trouser legs where they'd been rolled back. He was looking at a picture of Denise he'd picked up from the piano.

"I knew she would be beautiful," he said directly. He stood gazing at her, his eyebrows lifted slightly. "And now you've gone and changed to a clean dress and a dignified manner. I'm afraid of you again."

Aunt Penny came in at that moment and nodded at the framed picture. "Pretty child, isn't she? My great-niece. She's the one Diana is losing sleep over because she thinks she's in love with a cowpuncher."

"It isn't the boy, Penny," Diana said almost curtly. "I'm sure he's nice enough, or Denise wouldn't love him. It's the difference in their backgrounds. Denise's sophisticated upbringing might not fit at all with his kind of life. It just doesn't make for happiness." She broke off, frowning.

"When I see her next month perhaps I can make her understand," she went on. "I don't dare write a lot of good advice; it sounds so deadly dull. She thinks I'm an old fogy, anyway."

"Considering there's all of seventeen years difference in your ages," commented Aunt Penny dryly, "I can see how she would."

"Your wisdom is admirable in not

"MEN! Would you like to be radioactive? That is, active in the field of radio. If so, drop a card to . . ."

writing dull advice," Nicholson said, with a formal bow.

She laughed and their eyes met and suddenly locked. With an actual physical effort she turned her gaze away.

He said quickly, "I say, how about joining me in an excursion? We'll hail one of those delightful old carriages and ride uptown."

"Not me," said Aunt Penny, yawning. "I'm an old woman and I'm sleepy. Take Diana. It's just what she needs. I told her——"

"Penny!" warned Diana in her severest tones. Her aunt chuckled and desisted.

So that was how it happened that Nick and Diana rode leisurely over the stone bridge to the island to watch the moon on the sea.

"This is nice," Diana said, leaning back on the musty cushions of the ancient carriage. She listened dreamily to the hollow clop-clop of the horse's hoofs. "It's been a perfect interlude. If one could only live down here life would be a very simple thing."

"No," Nick said lazily, "you just see the surface, the leisurely people, the quiet days. Underneath they have the same problems and struggles and complications. No doubt your life seems perfect to them—glamorous and easy."

"Lonely and hard-working," she said, not with bitterness, merely as a statement of fact.

The carriage swayed to a stop, and the old Negro coachman climbed down from the front seat. He took off his stovepipe hat politely. "Gotta res' mah hosses, suh, for a little bit."

"Good enough. Would you like to take a turn on the beach, Diana?"

She assented and he helped her out. They began to walk along the narrow sleeping street towards the sound of the surf. The lighthouse loomed ahead in its grove of bent cedars and scrub oak, and Nick glanced around as they came out on the beach in the white moonlight.

"This is where we met," he remarked. "It seems much longer than yesterday."

Continued from page 9

She agreed, for she had a sense of naturalness as she walked along beside him, as if she had known him a long time. Yet he was a stranger to her and she to him. But because they were both strangers in this ancient city it seemed to bring them closer together, as if they belonged to each other for a few hours . . .

What an odd thought, she told herself, a little startled. Then he took her arm lightly, asking, "Are you cold?" and she was aware for the first time of the sharp penetrating chill of the spring evening, which clung to her face and hair with wet fingers.

"I hadn't thought about it," she said, surprised. "I was thinking of something else."

"That's what I was afraid of." His grasp on her arm grew firmer. "I'm here. Remember?" Then he added, "You're a remarkable person. Any other woman I know would be fretting about her hair getting damp."

She immediately put up a hand and touched the windblown tendrils. "I'd forgotten that, too," she said frankly. "In fact, I seem to be someone else down here."

"Am I wrong," he asked suddenly, "in thinking you've been antagonistic to me?" When she did not answer, he added firmly, "You have been on guard against something, haven't you?"

She still was silent, and they walked on under the vast silvery dome of the sky. She answered at last, thoughtfully, "I was . . . but I'm not any more."

"In New York, you are the mother of Denise." He spoke carefully, lest he break some fragile spell. "Here, perhaps, you are only yourself."

They had turned back towards the carriage and were walking again through the cedars. White mist, blowing in from the sea, drifted eerily through the trees like a sort of enchantment.

Diana stopped suddenly and looked at Nick in astonishment. "Myself? Why, that's true! I haven't been myself for a long, long time." She laughed a little unsteadily.

He gave a smothered sound and his arms went swiftly around her. "You beautiful darling!" he said huskily, and bent his head and kissed her. Then, still holding her, he begged, "Please don't ask me to apologise. I've wanted to do that so terribly."

She drew herself away, and his arms fell instantly. "I didn't know," she aid breathlessly, "that Englishmen were so impulsive."

He said distinctly, "Please get it out of your silly head that Englishmen are any different from any other men." Then, his eyes intent on her face, "So that's why you were antagonistic! Because I am English. You were afraid——"

"No, no, please!" She hurried ahead of him out of that queer silvery dusk that hung like an enchantment under those ancient trees. "It's late. We must be getting back."

He caught her arm firmly.

"Look at me, Diana!" He stopped her on the moon-white road. "You were afraid of what might happen. That we would find ourselves in love with each other . . . That you would have to live in England after your daughter returns to America . . ."

"That's ridiculous," she cried angrily. "It couldn't happen. It's utterly impossible!"

"It isn't impossible . . . with me," he said gravely.

She would not listen or answer. Reaching the carriage, she climbed in and sat stiffly, waiting to go. But her head was whirling with the memory of that kiss, her lips still burning from the warmth of his.

She kept her eyes down, not looking at him. But that was not so wise, for her gaze rested on his hands, well-shaped, strong, masculine hands.

There was something terribly personal and intimate about his hands. They had touched hers a score of times with an impersonal courtesy; and they had held her pressed against him a moment ago with a crushing urgency. Never would they seem impersonal to her again.

Aunt Penny, slipping into a black lace gown the next evening, remarked that once in a blue moon it was amusing to dress up. Her dress was of no style or period, except that it was slightly rusty with age. Her curly grey hair stood up in a triumphant crest, and she wore her emerald earrings and a bland expression.

If she wondered at Diana's silence all through dinner at Nick's hotel, she made no comment. Instead she carried the evening on her own thin, erect shoulders. She even held a small court, with old friends coming up to speak to her and bringing visitors to be introduced.

It was all very gay, with music and laughter and guests thronging the handsome Victorian rooms of the famous old hotel.

After dinner they went out on the verandah overlooking the gardens, and Nick took Diana to dance on the outdoor floor under the palms. Aunt Penny watched them enviously. Diana looked lovely in a jade-green dinner dress that turned her eyes pure green.

Penny sighed and said aloud, "Her heart ought to turn to pure water dancing with Nick!" And a large woman in a silvercloth dress thought she was speaking to her and stopped by her chair.

When Nick and Diana returned, they found the two talking. Aunt Penny was looking very cross. She reluctantly introduced them to Mrs. Eldred, a local doctor's wife, and Diana gazed at her with interest.

She had been so anxious to meet Mr. Nicholson, she said gushingly, since her husband told her about his visit to the Glagler Hospital the day before.

Nick bowed politely. "Oh, yes, Dr. Eldred. We had a most interesting talk. You know we had met once, years ago, in England. Some medical meeting."

"That's why I particularly wanted to meet you, Mr. Nicholson. I met your sister in London on that trip. It was before the war . . . Isn't she Pommie Wyman?"

Please turn to page 29

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There'll Be a Moon To-night

Continued from page 28

NICK suddenly stiffened. "Yes. My sister's name is Portia," he said quickly. "We call her Pommie."

"What is the rest of her name?" asked Diana distinctly.

The iron-grey woman looked affronted. "Why, it's Portia Buckingham Wyman . . . Have I got it straight, Mr. Nicholson?"

"Very straight," he said grimly, and Diana gasped, "Buck Wyman!" soundlessly. Then she said, "Oh!" in a frozen whisper, and turned swiftly away, down the stairs and into the enveloping dusk of the gardens.

With a murmured apology, Nick was after her. "Diana! Please wait!"

She faced him in a quiet pathway. "So—he's your nephew, Denise's cowpuncher!"

"He goes to Oxford, when he's not in the Occupation Army," he said gently. "The cowpuncher is your own invention, isn't it?"

Further truths flashed over her.

"Denise was afraid to tell me he was English. She knew I'd never let the ocean . . . she let me think . . ."

Suddenly another truth struck her with a staggering blow. "Then, that's why you're here!" she stammered. "To investigate us!" Her eyes widened, burned. "Were you afraid your precious nephew was marrying a Red Indian?"

He looked at her in alarm. "You're shaking all over."

"I'm angry," she said through stiff lips. "I've never been so angry in my life. You dared to come here to look over Denise's family! You dared to make love to me——"

She broke off abruptly, quivering with anger.

Suddenly Nick caught Diana's shoulders and shook her lightly. His face was very serious as he looked down at her.

"Stop it, Diana," he said. "I won't have you say that. It was all an accident, my being in the States just at this time. I have met your daughter. I think she is utterly charming . . . But don't you think it is natural for my sister to want to know something of the family her only son is marrying into? Weren't you doing the same?"

At that moment Aunt Penny came panting up, her emeralds flashing, rusty black lace afloat. "Now, what's all this, Nick, your flashing a nephew on us!"

"I assure you, I didn't mean to flash him. I intended to tell you this evening, Miss Dexter. The delay seems inexcusable now." He made a simple gesture that had desperation in it and helplessness.

"Yes, of course," cried Diana, her voice light and high, "after you'd found out all about us. And accusing me of doing the same. It's very funny, Penny." She laughed harshly.

"The girl's daffy," gasped Aunt Penny, looking a little alarmed.

"I've hurt her," Nick said heavily, "and I'd rather cut my arm off than do such a thing." Then he bowed formally. "Will you let me take you home, Mrs. Garland?"

"Please." Diana's eyes were as cold as her voice, and she went swiftly ahead of him up the path.

When they reached the house, she was instantly out of the car. She stood rigid while Nick unlocked the heavy old door for them. Then she murmured a formal good-night, and slipped inside without a glance at either her aunt or Nick.

Aunt Penny sighed, "Looks to me, Nick, as if you were caught in your own trap."

His voice was tired. "You're clever enough to have guessed it. I'm in love with her."

"I'm cleverer than that! She's in love with you."

He was silent for a caught breath. "I wish I could hope that. Perhaps time——"

"Time," snapped Aunt Penny, "is something I'm not on speaking terms with—galloping along the way it does."

"I'm leaving to-morrow," said Nick, taking her hand. "Thank you for your kindness to me. I'm very grateful."

Aunt Penny closed the door a little sadly and listened to the taxi drive off. There was something of finality in the clashing of the gears.

Then she heard a soft gasping sound and whirled about. Diana was coming toward her, her face white, a paper in her shaking hand. "It's a cable from Denise! She's ill—pneumonia . . ."

Aunt Penny snatched the message and read: "My cold backfired. Pneumonia. Address Army Hospital, Frankfort. Come soon. Lonesome. Denise."

"She's not too ill to joke," Aunt Penny said reasonably.

"She's trying not to frighten me, poor baby. She's all alone and may be desperately ill. Oh, Penny, help me! Get me a ticket for New York on the morning plane. I'll wire my office to try for a passage on the first boat . . . I've got to pack——"

"All the airline offices are closed now," Aunt Penny said. "There'll be time to pack in the morning."

"Time!" cried Diana, clenching her hands . . . The same word, Aunt Penny mused, that she had said a short time before to Nick. Time, it seemed, could rob others besides those old in years.

When Aunt Penny phoned the airlines the next morning, they all told her firmly there were no seats left on any flight north. It was the height of the winter season; there had been no cancellations.

She stood by the phone pinching hard at her lips. She didn't dare tell this bad news to Diana, packing frantically upstairs. She turned back to the phone and her eyes sparkled decisively . . .

Martha, the old servant, was taking away Diana's untouched breakfast tray when Aunt Penny entered the bedroom a little later.

"Here, you've got to eat," she commanded, "or drink, anyway." She stood over her while Diana automatically drank fruit juice and coffee. Then she said, "The man is here with your plane ticket. Bring your chequebook and come downstairs."

Diana entered the library in a rush. "I'm ever so grateful——" She stopped, for it was Nick who stood holding the ticket in his hand.

"There are no seats on any plane to-day," he said quickly. "I brought you mine. Please take it. I can leave to-morrow just as well."

Diana drew a long breath. Then she said, with feverish intensity, "Thank you. I'll accept it, of course. I must." She bit her lips to stop their trembling, and Nick looked hastily away from her, frowning slightly.

"Try not to worry," he said. "I've cabled Buck to let us know exactly how Denise is. Perhaps his answer will come before you leave."

Her eyes widened. "Oh," she breathed, "I never thought of that." She clasped her hands tightly. "How—how wonderful if I could hear direct. My office is trying to get me passage on the first boat. My passport is in order for my buying trip, thank heaven."

She spoke in short, breathless sentences, struggling for calmness. She opened the chequebook on the table and bent over it.

"What is the amount of the ticket?" she asked, very businesslike, and began writing with steady hands. But, oddly, as she wrote Nick's name the tears began to slide helplessly down her cheeks, and she bent her head lower so they could not see.

"He won't be able to cash that," Penny said practically, "if you don't stop crying on it. You've blurred the signature already."

Diana looked up, startled, and they all actually laughed a little. Then she mopped her eyes frankly and began a new cheque.

As he watched her, Nick hesitatingly took another longer slip of paper from his inside pocket. His eyes were apprehensive, but he said casually, "Diana, will you accept this, as well?" As she straightened he put the paper in her hands.

"It's my ticket on the Clipper. You'll reach New York this afternoon in time to take off. You'll be in England to-morrow night. I'll get someone at the British Embassy to authorise proper transference of the ticket."

Her hands closed unbelievingly on the slip of paper. "Why should you do this for me?" she asked humbly.

"It isn't a bribe." He smiled. "You need never see me again."

She lifted her head proudly. "But—what if I want to see you again?"

He took a quick step toward her . . . "Diana!" Then he touched her hand, the briefest, gentlest sort of contact . . . "I'll meet you in Paris," he said lightly, "whenever you say."

"Time!" muttered Aunt Penny behind them in triumph. "We've beaten you, for once!"

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Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, and
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, go with
COLONEL BARTON: In search of flame-colored pearls. Also on board the yacht Argos is
BETTY: His daughter. A new clue in their search for the pearls leads them to the Hungry Isles, situated in uncharted waters, where they are captured by a ragged pirate band. The leader decides to keep Betty and Lothar among his band, but orders his men to carry the unconscious Mandrake and the crew into a cave on the beach. The tide rises swiftly, and the party are trapped. Armed pirates stand guard, ready to shoot. Still dazed, Mandrake fights his way to the cave entrance. NOW READ ON:

TALKING OF FILMS

By
Marjorie Beckingsale

★★★ *Mantle of Safety*

WHILE cost and lack of equipment are holding back production of big feature films in Australia, a steady stream of excellent documentary shorts is coming to the screen.

Recently I saw a preview of "Mantle of Safety," a fine pictorial record of the travels of the padre attached to the Australian Inland Mission.

Two young Sydney men, John Kingsford Smith and Lloyd Ravenscroft, formed their own film-producing company after their discharge from war service, and if they can continue with such excellent work their future should be assured.

Their film was made under contract to the Mission. At present there are no definite arrangements for its public release, but plans are being made to have it screened in commercial theatres, and it provides just over an hour of thoroughly good entertainment.

The camera accompanies Padre K. Partridge on his long patrol, starting at Broken Hill and winding through portions of New South Wales, Queensland, South Australia, and the Northern Territory.

There are no studio scenes or lavish backgrounds, but Australian people are photographed by Gordon Gibson in their natural surroundings with a simplicity which is often brilliant.

We see real life, drama, and humor in abundance.

One scene of a bushland baptism might well be envied by any film producer in the world.

Some bird-life shots are also top-notch.

The musical background, written specially by John Antill, gives good atmosphere, though the use of an electric organ is sometimes too obtrusive.

A commentary written by John Kingsford Smith and spoken by David Lowe is comprehensive and pithy.

Necessary cutting to keep the film within semi-documentary time-limits gives it abrupt changes of mood which are disturbing.

With so much good material on their hands, it must have been a difficult job for the little company. But Kingcroft Productions have done well and deserve congratulation.

★★ *The Hills Rejoice*

BECAUSE no commercial theatres in Australia show 16mm. films, the general public misses the good work being done in this medium by producers here.

As a rule, the 16mm. picture is shown only to country schools or organisations which have a particular interest in the production.

A splendid 22-minute 16mm. documentary, "The Hills Rejoice," has been made in color by Kinelab (Sydney).

It deals with the life of Australia's wheat industry pioneer, William Farrer, and the development of wheat-growing.

"The Hills Rejoice" is a compact, human, beautifully photographed little film which is a credit to its producer, Peter Whitchurch, and his associate, Ken Saunders.

The commentary, spoken by Whitchurch, also introduces Professor Woodhouse, of Sydney, who has given almost a lifetime to research on wheat.

I strongly recommend this film to any group or association which handles 16mm. films and to any filmgoer who has a chance to see it. I wish it could be shown to the general public.

Printed and published by Consolidated Press Limited, 168-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

10 Thrilling stories in this month's ELLERY QUEEN'S MYSTERY MAGAZINE.

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PEOPLE IN PICTURES . . .

WALLACE BEERY (M.G.M.) proudly holds the school graduation diploma of his adopted daughter, Carol Ann, while they discuss their coming holiday trip to Europe. Carol Ann will enter a dramatic school on their return.

BRITISH STARS who attended the premiere of the Ealing film, "Saraband," included (l. to r.) Michael Wilding, Jean Simmons, Stewart Granger (star of the film), John Mills and his playwright-actress wife, Mary Hayley Bell.

ANN BLYTH (Universal International) lies on a stretcher while a studio hairdresser arranges her hair for her role as a bewitching mermaid in the comedy "Mr. Peabody's Mermaid." William Powell plays Mr. Peabody, who discovers the mermaid and takes her to his home.

ANN SHERIDAN (Warners), accompanied by dress-designer Travilla, looks at a new portrait of herself hanging in her home. Travilla created the glamorous frocks worn by Miss Sheridan in her two films, "Nora Prentiss" and "The Unfaithful," which are now showing.

BETTY HUTTON (Paramount) tacks on her Hollywood dressing-room door the name-plate which was used for her room at the London Palladium during her recent successful personal appearance there.

DICK POWELL (R.K.O.) and his wife, June Allyson, celebrate their third wedding anniversary while Dick is on location for the drama "Station West." June travelled 1000 miles to meet her husband for the anniversary, and took a wedding cake from Hollywood.

DANNY KAYE (R.K.O.) looks as serious as his little daughter Dena while he tries to impress her with some clarinet playing on an instrument borrowed from band-leader Benny Goodman at the studio.

Protect all cuts and scratches with Johnson and Johnson BAND-AID Adhesive Bandage—in packets 8d. for 12, 1/3 for 24.

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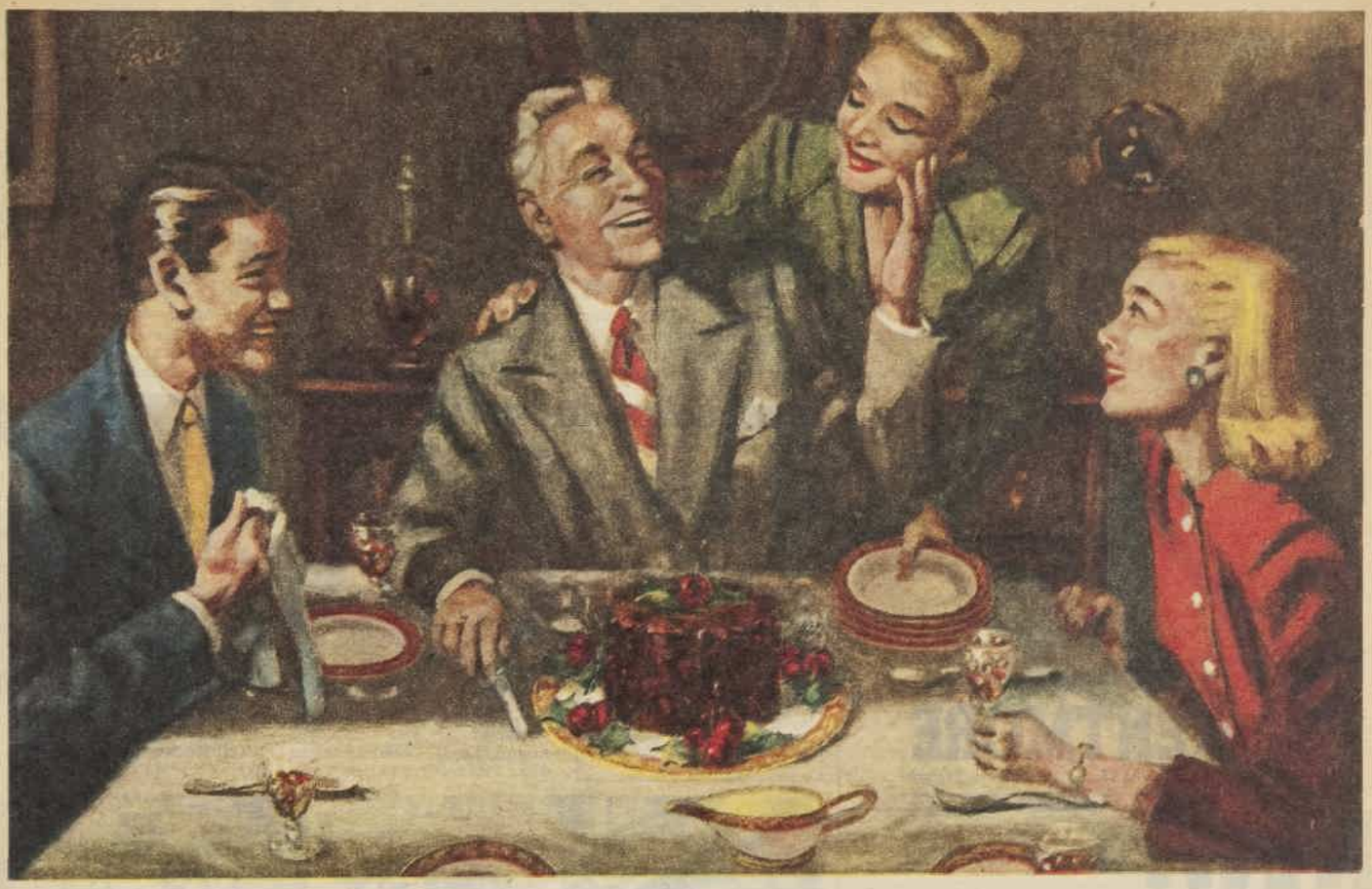

A CHRISTMAS TREAT

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MYZONE

1 AT IRISH HOTEL, American writer Stephen Fitzgerald (Tyrone Power) hears whimsical story of fabled Irish leprechauns from waiter Taedy (J. M. Kerrigan), while waiting for his car.

2 DISBELIEF is expressed by innkeeper Norah (Anne Baxter) when Fitz tells her that he has met strange little man in the woods who looked like a leprechaun.

THE LUCK OF THE IRISH

AUSTRALIAN actor Cecil Kellaway has a notable role in "The Luck of the Irish," a fantasy romance produced by Twentieth Century-Fox.

Stars are Tyrone Power and Anne Baxter.

In a gay, light story, the meeting between an Irish leprechaun and an American writer brings some surprising results, as the leprechaun "adopts" the writer and shows him where his real happiness lies.

The film is based on a novel by Guy and Constance Jones and was directed by Henry Kostar.

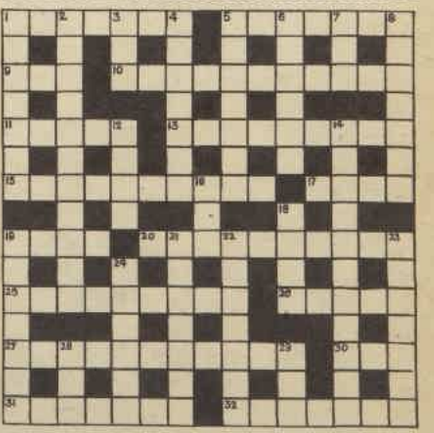
3 CAMPAIGN for political career of Fitz' employer Augur (Lee J. Cobb) is begun when Fitz returns to New York.

4 SURPRISE for Fitz occurs when new servant Horace (Cecil Kellaway) looks exactly like queer little Irishman.

5 STRANGE HAPPENINGS involve Fitz and Horace, till Fitz is convinced that Horace really is Irish leprechaun. Fitz finds that Norah has come to America and they meet frequently. Fitz breaks engagement to American girl.

6 MARRIAGE between Fitz and Norah takes them back to Ireland, and Horace disappears after seeing them happily settled.

CROSSWORD CONTEST NO. 19



ACROSS

1. Officer in Wild West films shakes her if faint hearted (7).
5. People who take a turn to help in more than one of 3 down? (7).
9. Ate a mixture of dried leaves (3).
10. Absurd crazy arrangement to clean some in! (11).
11. It makes us slack if we have nothing to lose (5).
13. Express regret at a sport guise in which you would not be seen (9).
15. Starts are remade for fear that eroded property is immovable (4, 6).
17. To prepare for publication The Rise and Fall of the Sea gives a satisfactory return (4).
19. This journey should make you stumble (4).
20. Chemist who makes a jar before the man, Mr. Grant (10).
25. Stop up and make bovine noises inside as in some houses (9).
26. Gruel may make a sticker (5).
27. Medieval romantic poets make you wicked, or return before you in roving journeys (11).
30. Throat-wrap of snake feathers? (3).
31. Unlacer (anagram) (7).
32. Taj Mahal city is in obscure surroundings according to the drawing (7).

DOWN

1. A tenant on lease is not taken in and put up if the settee's seller is a colonist (7).
2. No, it takes one to steal beer when making up completely the working out of detail (11).
3. Place that stealer in clue of 2 down might burgle (3).
4. Describes doting Mr. Emmet and his sweetie? (7).
5. One garment that has to be turned in for sailing in Arctic regions? (7).
6. Tyrant who puts the editor back on the spot (6).
7. Hollywood lights remind us of Joan (3).
8. Opening to let the sun in that could ease your work on this puzzle? (7).
12. Nothing odd about this (4).
14. It stretches out back to help in three games (5, 6).
16. Since (3).
18. Ice and entreat are set in it (4).
19. Brown I wager may be found in when a Lama appears (7).
21. Sampler without a name has strange and uneven centre of a dogged worker (7).
22. When fabricated it is prosecuted (7).
23. Part of a ship made in Longreach? (7).
24. The chatter of bees in a strong wind (6).
28. Whale (3).
29. The blue, Red, Yellow, and Black (3).

£10, £5, and £2 will be awarded for first, second, and third correct solutions opened. Mark envelope Crossword No. 19 and address The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney. Entries close December 17, prizes and solution in issue of January 8.

SOLUTION TO CROSSWORD CONTEST No. 15

ACROSS: 1—Balder-dash. 6—Rash. 10—Grav/it/y. 11—All hail. 12—Mate (anagram). 13—Pen/al-oner/s (Reno is turned). 18—Eric (hidden). 18—Sea is-land. 21—Sobriquet. 24—O-pen. 26—F/lint/ine-ss. 27—Here. 30—Laborer (anagram). 32—O-b-longs. 33—Y-og-a (go turned). 34—Fede-ration (anag. feed).

DOWN: 1—Big-amy. 3—Lea-st. 3—Rn/i/d. 4—Dry-ness. 5—Swan-sea. 7—Aga. 8—H/ills/ide. 9—Blood-shot. 14—Kwad-e (Dave turned). 15—Scripture. 17—Rabbi (hidden). 19—Eye (Popeye). 20—Use-fully. 22—Unnerve (anagram). 23—Tus-sore. 25—Less-on. 28—Ennui (anag. u nine). 29—El/i/a (ale turned). 31—Bag.

PRIZES FOR CROSSWORD No. 15: £10 to Mr. M. J. Hopper, Range View, Cooranga North, via Bell, Qld. £5 to Mrs. H. B. Clark, 12 Lea Avenue, Willoughby, N.S.W. £2 to Mrs. G. Saxton, Flat 3, 11 Thrupp St., Neutral Bay, N.S.W.

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MEANS FRUIT JUICE

FPC/97

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WHAT KIND OF HEADACHE DO YOU GET?

3 stages of a "THROBBING" headache

1 Symptom of Irregularity

This is perhaps the most common of all headaches—usually throbbing and affects the brow region over the eyes. There's no need to put up with a throbbing headache. While you get at the *cause*, give yourself fast relief by taking just TWO Anacin tablets . . .

2 Amazing Speed

Anacin quickly soothes those irritated nerves. The pain becomes less and less . . . throbbing dies away because every Anacin tablet is a *combination* of four medically proven agents. *Four* ingredients—and it's the action of an *extra* ingredient that makes Anacin's relief so much swifter. Anacin is actually cheaper in the long run too, because two Anacin tablets will frequently do the work of much larger doses of ordinary anti-pain powders or tablets.

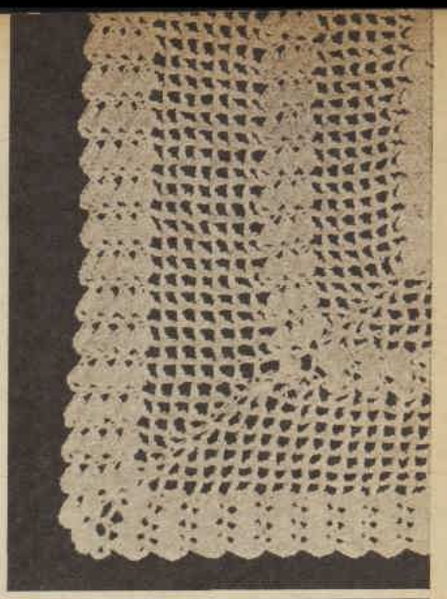
3 Headache Gone

Quick, blessed relief. That's what you get from Anacin. Quick and *safe* relief — with no after effects. So change to Anacin. Sold at all chemists in packets of 12, tins of 30, bottles of 50 and 100.

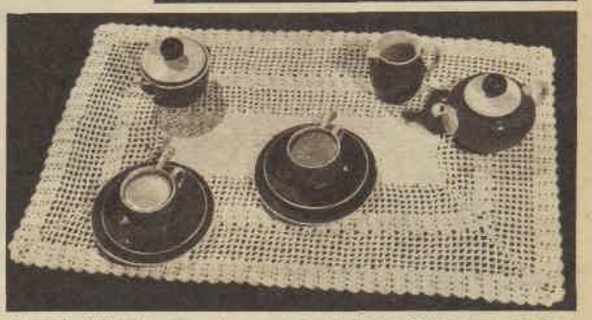
ANACIN

REGISTERED TRADE MARK.

2 bring FASTER relief from headaches and pain CHANGE NOW



CLOSE-UP of traycloth showing lacy stitch, which imparts rich finish to the cloth, designed for oblong tray or large tray-mobile.



THE CLOTH fits a large tray and also looks handsome on an oblong tea-table. Size may be varied by modifying directions. It would be a delightful gift.

An oblong traycloth crocheted in cotton

THIS traycloth provides a rich-looking background to a breakfast or afternoon tea tray, and its long-wearing qualities would enhance its value as a Christmas gift.

Materials: Three 2oz. spools of coarse cream cotton or Alexander knitting cotton No. 6; 1 No. 1½ crochet hook.

Measurements: 13½in. in width and 22½in. in length. A smaller or larger cloth may be made by modifying directions, or using different cotton.

Abbreviations: Ch., chain; d.c., double crochet; tr., treble; sl-st., slip-stitch; rep., repeat; st., stitch.

TO MAKE

Work 96 ch.

1st Row: * Miss 3 ch., then into next st. work 1 d.c., 3 ch., 3 tr.; rep. from * to end, turn with 3 ch.

2nd Row: Work 1 d.c., 3 ch. and 3 tr. into every 3 ch. of previous row, turn with 3 ch. Rep. last row 4 times more. Fasten off. Rejoin cotton to beginning of work and work along the foundation ch. as given for 2nd row, working into every 4th st. Rep. 2nd row 5 times more. Fasten off. Join cotton to the centre of one of the short sides and continue as follows:

1st Round: Work 5 ch., 1 tr. in d.c. of previous row, * 2 ch., 1 tr. in next tr. of previous row, 2 ch., 1 tr. in next d.c. of previous row; rep. from * until corner is reached, then into the corner work 1 tr., 2 ch., 1 tr. Continue all round, finishing with 2 ch., then join with a sl-st. into the 3rd of the first 5 ch.

2nd Round: 5 ch., 1 tr. in first tr., * 2 ch., 1 tr. in next tr.; rep. from * until the corner is reached, then into the corner work 1 tr., 2 ch., 1 tr., then continue in this way, working each corner as first, all round, finishing with 2 ch., then join with a sl-st. into the 3rd of the 5 ch. Rep. this round 4 times.

7th Round: 3 ch., 3 tr. in first space, * miss one space, then into next space work 1 d.c., 3 ch., 3 tr.; rep. from * until corner is reached, then into the corner work 1 d.c., 3 ch., 1 d.c., 3 tr., miss next space and continue until the round is finished, join with a sl-st. into first d.c., turn with 3 ch.

8th Round: Work 1 d.c., 3 ch., 3 tr. into each 3 ch. of previous row until corner is reached, then into the corner work 1 d.c., 5 ch., 1 d.c., 3 ch., 3 tr., continue all round, join with a sl-st. into first d.c., turn with 3 ch. Rep. last round once more.

10th Round: As 1st round. Now rep. the 2nd round 6 times.

17th Round: As 7th round. Rep. the 8th round 5 times. Fasten off. Press work on the wrong side.

This cloth can be made in various sizes. For a larger cloth continue working the 8th round until the required measurements are obtained. A smaller cloth can be worked by omitting the last 13 rounds of original directions. Finer or coarser cottons will produce smaller or larger cottons without making any alteration in the directions. Should finer cotton be used, work with a finer crochet hook and vice versa.

LITTLE GIFTS FOR CHRISTMAS

YOU can buy inexpensively stiff cardboard telephone book covers and specially designed telephone pads. Cover these yourself in chintz or coarse linen. Then, if you wish, work in cross-stitch or tacking stitches "Telephone" across the top of each.

Attractive to give and to receive.

* * *

WHY not make a pretty little cosmetic bag easily and simply to solve your Christmas gift problem? First, cover a stiff circle of cardboard with a scrap of floral material, glue a mirror to the bottom, then using this as the base make a little bag with the same floral fabric with drawstring top. Handy to carry make-up, comb, and other necessities to the beach or golf course.

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Highlight your hair

Lasting Beauty for Lovely Hair

For children and adults there is nothing more beneficial to the hair than regular care with Barry's Tri-coph-erous. This treatment helps prevent falling hair, dandruff, premature greyness, brittle hair and itching scalp.

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FAMOUS HAIR TONIC
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Journalism (Finance)
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Com. Arithmetic
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Estate Agents'
Herd Testers'
Window Dressing
Salesmanship
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24/1163V.

Ford Pills have made me a new woman. It's marvellous to be free from the days of depression and pain I used to suffer every time.

Ford Pills contain the concentrated extracts that give you the valuable laxative properties of fruit.

2/6 Everywhere
In unbreakable plastic tubes. F.2.4

FORD PILLS

Dress Sense by Betty Keep

● Although it is not possible for me to answer individually letters which arrive from every State on fashion problems, I try to deal with those of interest to the greatest number of readers. If you have a dress problem I can help you with, write to me, addressing your letter to Mrs. Betty Keep, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

HEADGEAR for a formal wedding offers some scope for dressing up, so I have designed two little hats for a guest who is worried about what to wear on her head at an evening wedding.

Other letters deal with the problems of readers anxious to appear smart but finding difficulty with the season's silhouette, or in making up their minds about color, line, or material for dresses.

Guest's dilemma

"I AM to be a guest at a formal wedding in the evening and am worried about what to wear on my head. I am 38 years of age and far too adult in appearance to have flowers, I think. My dress is brown crepe, tailored and finished with gold kid applique."

A turban beret, combining turban and beret contours, made in brown jersey would be smart and becoming. A braided section suggests a beret, and the other section of the hat is wrapped close to the head. This is a new silhouette straight from Lilly Dache's autumn millinery collection. It's a type designed for a short hair-do, and is worn to hide all the hair with the exception of a forehead lock. An alternative idea, and one that will also flatter short-cut hair, is a tiny hat made of wrapped brown satin ribbon, crown open, with luxurious veiling.

A TURBAN BERET and an open-crowned hat of wrapped satin ribbon with sweeping veil are suitable for an evening wedding.

Black hair, grey eyes

"WHAT colors should I wear to flatter my type? I have a white skin, black hair, and grey eyes. My dressmaker advises black."

I disagree with your dressmaker. A girl with your coloring should never wear black, brown, or dark green. When you wear a dark color it should have plenty of life to it—a bright navy would be a perfect choice. Other colors I advise you to wear would be a soft green-blue, violet, raspberry, sky-blue, flamingo-pink, and grey.

Cotton for tropics

"OURS is a very hot climate, and I find it difficult to dress smartly and still keep cool. Do you think cotton is dressy enough?"

Cotton is my number one fashion choice for any tropical climate. Don't imagine cotton is suitable only for casual and round-the-house wear, because it's not. To-day a summer wardrobe of wash dresses can answer every fashion need. Cotton can be tailored and formal for town, gay and casual for sport, and softly feminine for party going.

Tailored or dressy?

"AS a young married woman who must make one good dress serve for all daytime occasions, I cannot make up my mind whether to choose a tailored line or a dressy design."

My vote is for a tailored dress because it is the perfect foil for accessories and just right for most daytime needs. About design and color—I like pink rayon or linen, made as a soft "shirtwaister." Have the shoulder smooth (no pads or a tiny pad), short semi-bat sleeves, and a circular skirt. Accessories—a narrow gold kid belt, black sandals, white hat, and black gloves.

Reader in despair

"PLEASE advise a home dressmaker how to dress smartly with a figure that has not, and never will have, the 'new look.' This season I made my clothes tighter than ever before, and that's a failure. How can a woman with a large, full figure, short neck, and large arms look smart?"

You must learn to select lines that emphasise your good points and minimise your bad ones. As you are built on somewhat generous lines, close-fitting clothes are not going to be the solution to your problem. Actually, you will be wise to allow liberal turnings when cutting out, especially at the shoulder seams. A little extra here can be the means of acquiring perfect comfort and good fitting. A waistline extending below the belt in a shaped section is slenderising, so is any two-piece dress with a soft look. A V-neckline will be flattering, and, by the way, try a short haircut or upswept style—it will add to the length of your neck.

Fashion FROCKS

Ready to wear or cut out ready to make

"JOANNE" and "JUDITH".—Charming blouses made in white sprigged organdie. Colors are lemon, nile, sky, pink, white.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 26/11 each; 36 and 38in. bust, 27/6 each. Postage 1/0½ extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 18/11 each; 36 and 38in. bust, 19/6 each. Postage, 1/0½ extra.

"CLARICE". — Smartly styled swing skirt made in a printed coin-spot rayon crepe. Colors are lido-blue, red, or navy ground spotted with white.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 24, 26, 28, 30, and 32in. waist, 33/6. Postage, 1/0½ extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 24, 26, 28, 30, and 32in. waist, 27/6. Postage, 1/0½ extra.

"HATTY".—The ever popular dirndl skirt made in a pretty white spot rayon crepe on ground of lido-blue, red, or navy.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 24, 26, 28, 30, and 32in. waist, 27/9. Postage, 1/0½ extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 24, 26, 28, 30, and 32in. waist, 20/3. Postage, 1/0½ extra.

SEND your orders for Fashion Frocks (note prices) to Pattern Department at the address given below for your State. Patterns may be obtained from our offices in Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane, and Adelaide (see address at top of page 17), or by post.

Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney.
Box 388A, G.P.O., Adelaide.
Box 491G, G.P.O., Perth.
Box 409F, G.P.O., Brisbane.
Box 183C, G.P.O., Melbourne.
Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.
Tasmania: Box 189C, G.P.O., Melbourne. N.Z.: Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney. (N.Z. readers use money orders only.)

Complete your personality with a memorable fragrance.

Saville PERFUMES

SEVENTH HEAVEN
The perfume that men love women to wear. Sophisticated—yet romantic.

JUNE
The glorious fragrance of summer flowers in an old-world English garden.

MISCHIEF
Gay, audacious, with a charmingly impudent air. Light-hearted as youth itself.

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WRIGHT'S
Coal Tar Soap
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IDEAL FOR TOILET AND NURSERY

X MOTHER rid your child of Worms

Get quick, permanent relief with SAN-O-LAX WORM SYRUP. San-o-lax contains santonin, a valuable medicinal ingredient which quickly gets to work (usually whilst the child is sleeping) destroying and removing any worm presence. San-o-lax is pleasant and safe to take—children love it! Your chemist sells

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Here... NOW... the "WAVE-YOUR-OWN" craze that's sweeping America!

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Permatone

the HOME PERMANENT COLD WAVE

ADAPTED AND PERFECTED FOR AUSTRALIAN CONDITIONS FROM THE MOST ADVANCED U.S. FORMULAE!

OVER 20,000,000 HOME PERMANENTS IN ONE YEAR IN U.S.!

Imagine! In just 12 months more than 20 million Americans tried out —*raved over*—this wonderful new Cold Wave method . . . gave themselves beautiful permanents in their own homes! Now *you* can work the same magic with Permatone, the Home Permanent Cold Wave that's designed specifically for Australian use!

Permatone your hair into lovely deep waves, soft, natural-looking curls . . . at home!

It's easy as A.B.C., with Permatone! Just roll your hair into curlers, dab on two solutions (no messy powders to mix), rinse! No heat, no electricity, no machines, yet your Permatone Permanent Cold Wave will last as long as the costliest salon permanent! Permatone works like a charm on all types of hair—fine, coarse, grey, even dyed or bleached hair . . . *it will not frizz*, and is absolutely safe!

★ ***If you've never had a permanent now's your chance! If you have, then next time give yourself the enduring loveliness of a Permatone . . . for a fraction of the normal salon cost!***

"Thrilled!"—"Wonderful!"—

. . . say PERMATONE users!

Apart from exhaustive laboratory tests, Permatone has been tried out under actual home conditions by women of all ages, with all types of hair!

"My hair has a slight natural kink, so I used Permatone only for my 'straggly' ends," says Miss Kelsey Stock, York St., Sydney . . . "Now my hair has the soft, pretty end-curls I'd always yearned for!"

"As my hair is at the pepper-and-salt stage, and therefore of two textures, I'd always had difficulty with my perms. I found in Permatone the perfect answer to this problem, and gave myself my most successful perm to date!" Mrs. M., Mosman, N.S.W.

Mrs. J. Taggart, Cooper, N.S.W., says: "I'm as thrilled with my Permatone as with the best salon permanent I ever had . . . and I didn't need to put off ONE of my regular household jobs to do it!"

The most welcome the most original gift notion ever

Permatone DOES WORK!

PERMATONE IS GUARANTEED! Your money back if Permatone (used according to directions) does not give you a wave that lasts as long as any salon permanent.

FREE! Write for fully illustrated, fully explanatory brochure, to the manufacturers

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12/6 Sydney and Suburbs.

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ACCEPT NO OTHER!

OBTAINABLE AT LEADING STORES AND CHEMISTS

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"MOTHER..."

What do you do when baby refuses food? How would you nurse a sick baby? Do you know how to treat burns and scalds? Can baby have relief from teething troubles?

Find the answers to these questions—and many other practical hints for mothers—in "For Teething with a Smile." Send *NOW* for this helpful FREE booklet, published by the Manufacturers of ASHTON & PARSONS INFANTS' POWDERS.

Messrs. H. F. Ritchie, 350-354 William St., Melbourne, C.1.
Please forward to me a copy of "For Teething with a Smile." I enclose 1½d. in stamps.
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Drive out Dandruff. This special Soap "digs" beneath surface of scalp, removing Dandruff flakes, stopping itch. 1/9 Cake. All Chemists.

POTTER'S DANDRUFF SOAP

LIGHT PERFUMES, matching toilet water, and powder are most refreshing on summer days.

PERFUME LORE . . .

● Of all the fascinating preparations on the cosmetic market, few in feminine estimation surpass perfume as the perfect gift.

By
CAROLYN EARLE
Our Beauty Expert

IF Santa leaves perfume in your Christmas stocking there are a few things you should remember, if you want to preserve its fragrance to the last drop.

● Once you open perfume, the alcohol in it begins to evaporate, which may affect the blending of essential oils and cause the perfume to change tone. So use the fragrance steadily while it's good, or seal the container with paraffin when it is not in use.

● Heat and light often change a scent, so perfume should be kept in a cool dark place.

● Perfume is best used on the skin, not on clothes, for it may change their color, and the chemicals in some materials change the scent.

Whether it is perfume in liquid or powder form, what is needed, in summer, is a garden-fresh light scent that combines well with warmth, bright colors, and light clothing.

Not only is the effect of such a perfume psychological, but, used wisely, it helps make you feel cooler physically.

It is neither a joke nor sales propaganda that the heavier, cloying perfumes worn in winter are apt to make the wearer feel tired and droopy in summer.

Let us suppose that you are presented with a blending that fills every requirement of season and taste. **Buy for yourself the toilet water or eau-de-cologne of the same group, if you can.**

Since both are less expensive than the precious perfume, they may be used more liberally.

Toilet water, as a rule, is faintly astringent, therefore a grand cooling medium, sprayed or splashed on briskly after the bath.

A few drops in the final rinse water when washing your stockings, undies, and handkerchiefs; a few drops on your hairbrush before brushing your hair, as well as in the final rinse of your weekly shampoo, are appealing tricks.

A little cologne may also be used for dampening the ends of the hair when setting it. It dries quickly and leaves the hair delicately odorous, but it has a tendency to dry the hair.

Then, for special accent, spray the skin or strategically place your expensive perfume in tiny dabs on lobes of the ears, nape, wrists, the palms of the hands.

Sachet powder, too, has a multitude of uses, and sachet scenting is one of those old-world customs which can be revived with advantage.

It may be used as a scent directly on the skin at wrists and temples.

Shake it on cupboard shelves or in clothing receptacles that are to be lined with paper.

Sprinkle some between the sheets of your bed on sultry nights when sleep is elusive.

Add a tiny sachet to the inside of your hat and keep gloves in a sachet-scented case.

Small sachet bags made of bits of pretty material filled with sachet powder or sweet-smelling lavender, and slipped between the towels and sheets in the linen cupboard, add a subtle fragrance.

Attached to clothes hangers, they scent garments lightly, and help counteract the stuffiness of unventilated hanging space.

Perfumes should be selected for lasting and unalterable properties.

A skilful blend of flower oils or synthetic essences with an alcohol base, the proportions used in perfume have been carefully balanced to produce the desired fragrance.

Toilet water is a milder form of perfume; the identical ingredients are employed in its manufacture in a weaker form.

Naturally, toilet waters are not as long-lasting as perfume, but have, nevertheless, fairly strong staying powers, and are delightful used in conjunction with perfumes of the same name.

Cologne is less strong than toilet water, and is the weakest blend of all; here less money is spent in acquiring a larger bottle of liquid which might almost be called scented alcohol.

A delightful agent for the after-bath rub-down or spray, colognes may safely be used lavishly, for they evaporate quickly.

Because it is either delicate and sweet, or open-air and tangy, summer perfume is not necessarily anaemic or naive, by any means; some floral perfumes have sharp beauty and piquancy, just as appealing as more sophisticated blendings.

Extracts from a Matron's Case History File

"A few months ago, this grandmother just couldn't eat . . ."

"Her daughter brought the dear old lady in to see me. Her story is one all too common among the aged. No matter what she ate caused an upset digestion and general distress. It was an effort to keep down even a little food, and this only after much pain.

"I suggested Benger's Food, for when all other foods fail Benger's continues to nourish and build the body *without digestive strain.* Benger's modifies the tough indigestible curds of ordinary cow's milk to a form easily absorbed by the most feeble digestions and, when taken at night, ensures a good night's rest—so important to old people. *In all my years of nursing I have found no better food for the aged than Benger's.*"

RECOMMENDED FOR OVER 50 YEARS

Both the medical and nursing professions have endorsed Benger's Food as a thoroughly reliable and trustworthy preparation for the nourishment of infants, invalids, the aged, and for use in all cases of weak, enfeebled digestions.

At all chemists and stores in three sizes: 2/-, 3/3, 5/10

BENGER-GENATOSAN PTY. LTD.
66 Reservoir Street, Sydney, N.S.W.

Build up on Benger's

BENGER'S Food

BF.8.16

A British-made adhesive plaster that is comfortable, elastic and conveniently wound on a metal spool. That's Elastoplast, the truly modern dressing! Flesh-coloured and inconspicuous, it stays neat and clean. Firm, flexible Elastoplast replaces bulky bandages. 1" x 1 yd. long, it stretches to 1½/2 yds.

FROM ALL CHEMISTS

Elastoplast TRADE MARK

E-L-A-S-T-I-C ADHESIVE PLASTER

First Aid Dressings, in RED tins, also available.

MADE IN ENGLAND BY T. J. SMITH & NEPHEW LTD., HULL

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Prizewinners in our £2000 Cookery Contest

MONTREUX CREME-DE-LUXE, which won first prize (£25) for best cold dessert. Recipe entered by Mrs. J. Dernier, 44 Annie St., Wickham, N.S.W. This delicious dessert is a smooth, mellow sweet ideal for warm days. Easy to make, it can be prepared well in advance.

CHOCOLATE PEPPERMINT MOUSSE, which won second prize of £5 in the cold dessert section. Recipe entered by Miss M. Grant Cooper, 29 Ben Boyd Rd., Neutral Bay, N.S.W. Refreshing combination of chocolate and peppermint flavors.

ORANGE FOAM PIE, which won second prize of £5 in the sweet pastry section. Recipe entered by Mrs. K. C. Davis, c/o Newhaven Park, Boorowa, N.S.W. Meringue topping, with its nut garnishings, gives a grand finish to the orange crumbed filling of this tart.

DATE AND GINGER CREAM PIE, which won first prize of £25 for best sweet pastry. Recipe entered by Mrs. E. Bellingham, Lannercost St., Ingham, Queensland. This is a luscious pie. Brandy and walnuts flavor the mock cream.

CHOCMALLOWS, which won first prize of £25 for best small cake or cookie. Recipe entered by Mrs. E. Inder-Smith, Carradine Rd., Armadale, Western Australia. Small chocolate cakes joined to lemon marshmallows—simple to make and as original as their name.

RUM ROYAL COOKIES, which won second prize of £5 in small cakes or cookies section. Recipe entered by Mrs. A. M. Boyle, 578 Nepean Highway, Brighton S6, Victoria. The four distinct and separate layers make these cookies delicious.

SPICED PEAR ROYAL, which won first prize of £25 for best hot dessert. Recipe entered by Mrs. E. C. Smart, 14 Robinson Rd., Surrey Hills E10, Victoria. This is a well-flavored and satisfying hot dessert for cool days. Fresh or tinned pears can be used, or any firm fruit.

TURKISH TEA CAKE, which won first prize of £25 for best entry in various section (embracing scones, tea cakes, nut or fruit rolls). Recipe entered by Mrs. C. V. Vowles, "Aloomba," Terip Terip, Victoria. It's something quite new.

Ideal Gift for Young Mothers. "YOU AND YOUR BABY," by Sister M. Jacob, price 7/6. All booksellers

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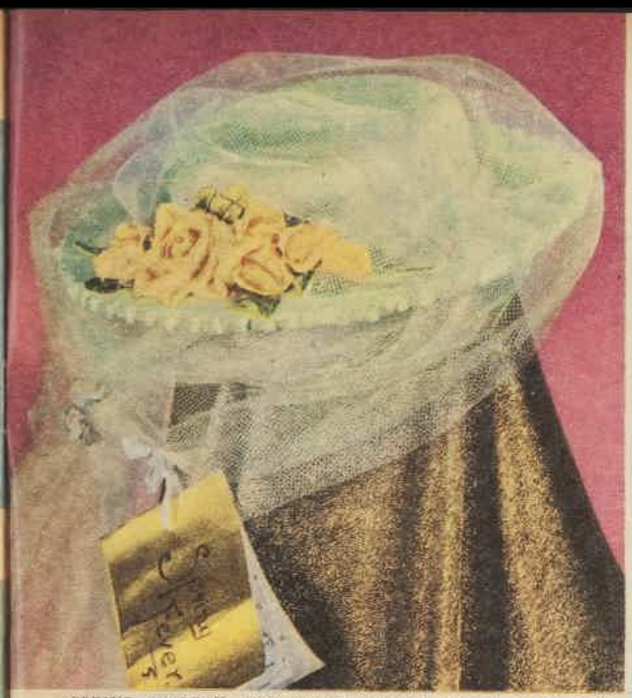


SPRING CHAPEAU, which won second prize of £5 in novelty cake section. Recipe entered by Mrs. L. Wilson, 75 Eddy Rd., Chatswood, N.S.W. If moulded icing flowers for this "model" are beyond you, substitute a spray of fresh garden blooms and give to guest of honor.

SNOWFLAKE CAKE WITH EGG-NOG FILLING, which won the £50 champion prize for best cake of any type. Recipe entered by Miss D. Bower, Goorangoola, via Singleton, N.S.W. The foundation mixture is a basic butter cake, but the rich filling and smooth, creamy frosting lift it into the champion class. Make this the centrepiece of your next party table.

Full recipes in Cookery Book

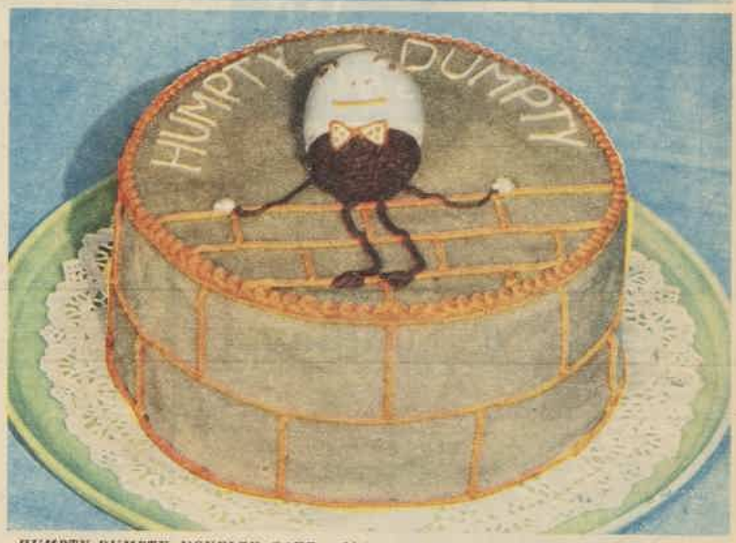
DETAILED recipes of these prizewinning cakes and desserts in our £2000 Cookery Contest are published in The Australian Women's Weekly Cookery Book now on sale at our offices and all newsagents.

This 68-page Cookery Book also contains other prizewinning recipes selected from every section of the competition. They include meats, desserts; fruit, sponge, novelty, and many other types of cakes; scones, tea-cakes, nut and fruit rolls.

Also included in this book are four outstanding detailed Budget and Menu Plans for a family of four based on weekly expenditures of £3, £3/10/-, and £4.

Price of the book is 2/-. We advise you to secure at once your copy of this wonderful handbook to cookery and home management.

It would make a grand Christmas gift.



HUMPTY-DUMPTY NOVELTY CAKE, which won first prize of £25 for best novelty cake. Recipe entered by Mrs. H. Coppock, Stanley Terrace, Taringa, Queensland. Even the inexperienced will have fun preparing this cake for the kiddies' parties. And they'll love it!

HONEY SPONGE, which won first prize of £25 for best sponge cake. Recipe entered by Miss J. Lockhart, 12th Avenue, Home Hill, North Queensland. Smooth, creamy, honey-flavored filling is a perfect complement to delicate flavor of sponge.

FROSTED PINEAPPLE CAKE, which won first prize of £25 for best butter cake. Recipe entered by Mrs. E. M. Scrivener, 98 Edward St., Norwood, South Australia. Crystallised pineapple and other fruits make this a delicious, unusual cake. It will keep well.

The Australian Women's Weekly Cookery Book of Prize Recipes. Now on Sale, Price 2/-.

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NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

TO ORDER: Needlework Notions may be obtained from our Pattern Department. If ordering by mail, send to address given on page 37.

No. 1138.—DUCHESSE SET

The design is traced on heavy white or cream linen, and on sheer linen in pale blue, pink, lemon, or green. (Lace for edging is not supplied.)

Centre mat, 11in. x 17in.; smaller mats, 8in. x 8in., three pieces, 6/11. Postage, 4½d. extra.

No. 1139.—THROWOVER

The design is traced on colored organdie in white, green, lemon blue, or pink. Size 36in. x. 36in., 6/11. Postage 4½d. extra.

No. 1140.—LUNCHEON SET

The waterlily set is traced on heavy white or cream linen, also on sheer linen in pale blue, pink, lemon, or green.

Large mat, 11in. x 17in.; plate mats, 11in. x 11in.; cup and saucer mats, 8in. x 8in.; serviettes, 11in. x 11in.; nine-piece set comprising 1 centre mat, 4 plate mats, and 4 cup and saucer mats, 12/11, postage 6½d. extra. Thirteen-piece set, comprising 1 centre mat, 6 plate mats, and 6 cup and saucer mats, 16/11, postage 8½d. extra. Serviettes to match, 1/3 each.

No. 1141.—HOUSE FROCK

Frock is cut ready to machine, and full instructions for making are given.

The material is a pretty cotton on aqua, grey, or beige ground, with a small white flower design.

Sizes 32 to 34in. bust, 24/11; 36 to 38in. bust, 26/9; 40in. bust, 27/11. Postage, 10½d. extra.

No. 1142.—LITTLE GIRL'S FROCK

The design is already cut out for you to machine, and full instructions are given for making. The material is British cotton in natural, lemon, blue, or green.

Sizes 18in. length, 2 years, 6/11; postage, 5½d. extra; 20in., 4 years, 7/3, postage 6½d. extra; 23in., 6 years, 8/6, postage 6½d. extra; 27in., 8 years, 8/11, postage 7½d. extra.

No. 1143.—APRON

The material is cut out ready for you to machine and full instructions are given. Available in pink or blue British cotton. Price 4/3, postage 4½d. extra.

No. 1144.—LITTLE GIRL'S PINAFORE

Of summer breeze, which launders well, the pinafore is cut out ready for you to machine. Available in lemon, pink, or blue ground with a white and pastel Humpty Dumpty design.

Sizes 18in. length, 2 years, 4/3, postage 4½d. extra; 20in., 4 years, 4/11, postage 4½d. extra; 23in., 6 years, 5/3, postage 5½d. extra; 27in., 8 years, 5/9, postage 5½d. extra.

Nos. 1145 and 1146.—MOTHER AND DAUGHTER APRONS

Of plain British cotton in blue, pink, lemon, or green, the aprons are cut out ready to make and embroider.

Sizes 32 to 34in. bust, 6/11; 36 to 38in. bust, 7/6, postage 5½d. extra; 18in. length, 2 years, price 3/6, postage 2½d. extra; 20in., 4 years, 3/11, postage 2½d. extra; 23in., 6 years, 4/3, postage 3½d. extra; 27in., 8 years, price 4/9, postage 3½d. extra.

PLEASE NOTE: When ordering Needlework Notions Nos. 1138, 1139, 1140, 1141, 1142, 1143, 1144, 1145, and 1146 make a second color choice. N.B.: C.O.D. orders not accepted.

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Man-bait!

THE question "What's cooking?" still tops most others in the male mind. The only problem for Mrs. Wife in the B.P. years (Before Pyrex) was man's insistence upon VARIETY of menu. Agee Pyrex, however, has made that as easy as reading a recipe. For everything from a hot snack to a banquet for the boss, there are Pyrex dishes waiting to shoo away fuss and bother, save time, give perfection to your cookery and charm to your table.

Pyrex cookery doesn't tax brains or patience—but how it lures those men! As soon as you take the Pyrex dish from the oven and place it piping hot on the table there are anticipatory sniffs and delighted murmurings. The meal LOOKS good, TASTES good and IS good. What's more . . . there's LESS washing up with Pyrex . . . and what there is—is EASY! Pyrex comes clean as a whistle with half the time and trouble of other kitchen ware.

Is your Pyrex set complete?

UTILITY DISHES

There are Agee Pyrex dishes for EVERY kind of oven cooking. Here is the oblong Utility, made in various sizes. Plan for a COMPLETE range of inexpensive Pyrex dishes.

PIE PLATES

You can buy them round, octagonal, or oval in just the right sizes. You bake and serve in the same plate. When you "put the pie in Pyrex" you can be sure the result will be "Pyrexcellent." A "must" for the modern kitchen.

CASSEROLES

Heat just CAN'T crack or craze any Agee Pyrex Casserole. Like all other Agee Pyrex dishes, they're GUARANTEED against oven breakage. Ask to see the FULL RANGE of Pyrex ware at your favourite store. You CAN afford it.

INDIVIDUAL DISHES

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A CART AND HORSE with a driver made from pipe cleaners is an amusing gift for three-to-five-year-olds. The horse and cart are made from cotton-reels. Here the driver urges Dobbin on

Cotton-reel toys make jolly gifts

THE work-basket's floating population of cotton-reels can be converted into nursery toys that the children will play with for hours.

A string of reels painted different colors makes a counter, and a horse and cart is not hard to make, if you have enough reels.

Painted gaily and threaded with wooden beads between, the reels make a toy which helps the youngster to learn to count.

For the more elaborate Dobbin and cart, complete with carter, more equipment is needed.

First of all 19 cotton-reels are required, and two of the waisted type. Then a 1in. hinge and screws; an 8in. piece of spring wire; 2 bolts; enamel; a piece of wood; pipe cleaners; glue.

Drill a hole through the waist of a cotton-reel. Thread the spring wire through the hole and through three cotton-reels on either side for legs. Pull wire taut and fasten it with a blob of cement down the hole in the last reel.

Glue a second reel to the body and two sets of three reels together for hind legs. The hind legs are attached to the horse's body with a 1in. hinge.

Half a thin "waisted" reel is glued to the body for the neck and a whole reel on to this for the head. Saw a slanting chip from the "chin" of this reel and over this glue half a large "waisted" reel for Dobbin's face. Blobs of cement make his eyes, nose, and chin.

Paint the reels a bright color and when the paint is dry touch up Dobbin's eyes, nose, and chin with another color.

To make the cart, thread a long bolt through two cotton-reels and fasten screw. Repeat for back wheels. Plait a piece of fine string for harness. Another piece of plaited string makes a loop to draw the cart, fix this to the front bolt before you glue on the piece of wood to make the cart base.

Paint the cart, using a contrasting shade for the wheel hubs.

The carter is made very quickly with pipe cleaners bent into a figure, a covered button face is stitched on. And he's clothed with odd scraps of material. Use bright pieces for shirt and hat.

RAINBOW-HUED COTTON-REELS strung on a short thread or string with colored beads between make little gifts for very young children.

HERE IS DOBBIN'S DRIVER, mounted now, with the load in place, all set to deliver the goods. A small child will find this home-made toy fascinating.

Substitute foods for travel-time

By SISTER MARY JACOB, Our Mothercraft Nurse

MIDSUMMER holiday-time is close, and that becomes travel-time for many families.

When considerable distances have to be traversed, substitute foods often have to be used.

Fresh milk is sometimes out of the question for little babies and dried milks have to be substituted.

Dried or canned fruits and vegetables may have to be used when travelling or camping.

A change in water and milk supply often presents special problems for little babies and toddlers, and both water and milk need to be boiled for a longer period than usual at first.

The carrying of milk mixtures for artificially-fed babies entails special precautions.

A leaflet describing certain holiday risks and giving hints on foods for travelling can be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Scottish House, 19 Bridge Street, Sydney, N.S.W., if a stamped, addressed envelope is enclosed with the request.

Early summer jobs

By OUR HOME GARDENER

ALL sorts of necessary jobs have to be carried out in the garden during early summer—and here are some of them.

Firstly go over the roses and remove all the hips or berries that have formed since the petals fell. If you leave them to mature you rob the bushes of much needed vigor and may delay the autumn flush of flowers.

Roses that showed mildew (curled and shrivelled leaves, liberally powdered with white fungi are its symptoms) should be dusted with sulphur or sprayed with colloidal sulphur without delay.

Go over the bearded irises and cut down the spent flowering stems. They become very ragged and shabby after a few weeks and spoil the look of the blady foliage, which in itself is beautiful and remains so for many months to come.

Leave the daffodils, hyacinths, ixias, and other spring-flowering bulbous plants in the ground until their foliage has died right down. Then lift and store them in dry sand or sawdust until you need them for replanting next autumn.

If you require the space they occupy and the foliage is still green, lift the bulbs carefully without breaking off the rather brittle leaves, and heel them into moist soil on the shady side of the garden to finish their bulb development. Premature lifting and drying off may rob you of bloom next spring. They must complete their life-cycle naturally before being lifted.

Pinch back dahlias that have reached 12in., leaving only two pairs of leaves. They will then stool out and develop sturdy stems that will carry fine blooms later in the season. Tie the plants up at intervals as they grow up the stakes, and tie the strings first to the stake, merely looping it round the stems—and don't strangle them—leaving enough space for the stem to grow about an inch or more in diameter.

Go over the violet beds now with lime-sulphur dust or solution and spray or dust well under the leaves to control red spider mites, the pests that cause the leaves to turn yellow and die.

Mulch round azaleas, rhododendrons, and hydrangeas with well-decayed manure or compost. These thirsty, shallow-rooted subjects suffer intensely from our hot winds and scorching days during summer—and water them regularly to make doubly sure.

Lastly feed the birds in your garden and supply them with plenty of water during summer months. Then they will leave your lettuce and silver beet plants alone. Their attacks are very largely due to thirst, which you can assuage by filling up a pan once or twice a day on the lawn or footpath

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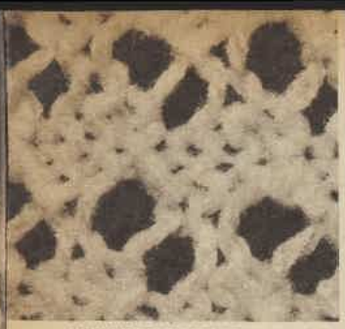

PRINCESS ELIZABETH selected this matinee jacket, from a layette presented by the nannies of Britain, to be the first worn by her baby son. The deep yoke is in moss-stitch, as are the borders and cuffs, which are finished with a picot edge. Directions for knitting the jacket are given below. Above is a magnified photograph of the simple fancy-stitch.

Baby Prince's matinee jacket

A MATINEE jacket of this design made by Miss Ada Rate, one of the nannies who made garments for the layette presented to Princess Elizabeth by the British Nursery Nurses Association, was selected to be the little Prince's first jacket.

So many inquiries were made about the jacket before the Royal baby was born that directions were made available for other young mothers.

These are printed below.

Materials: 3 skeins of Sun-glo shrinkproof baby wool, or Paton's Beehive baby wool; 1 pr. No. 10 knitting needles; 1 crochet hook, size 14; 3 buttons; 1½yds. narrow ribbon.

Measurements: Length from shoulder to hem, 10in.; width round at underarm, 19in.; length of sleeve seam, 6in.

Tension: 7½ sts. to 1in.

The coat is worked in one piece to the armholes.

Commencing at the lower edge, cast on 205 sts. and work 6 rows in m-st. (i.e., k 1, p 1 alternately), then work in patt. as follows:

1st Row: M-st. 5, k to the last 5 sts., m-st. 5.

2nd Row: M-st. 5, p to the last 5 sts., m-st. 5.

3rd and 4th Rows: M-st. 5, * k 1, m 1, k 2 tog. Rep. from * to the last 5 sts., m-st. 5.

Rep. the last 4 rows until the work measures 6in. from the lower edge, ending with a 2nd or 4th row.

Next Row: M-st. 10, * k 2 tog., k 1. Rep. from * to last 9 sts., m-st. 9 (143 sts.). Work one row in m-st., then in the following row make the ribbon holes thus:

*M-st. 3, m 1, k 2 tog., rep. from * to the last 3 sts., m-st. 3. Now work ½in. in m-st., ending with a row on the right side. Here divide the sts. for the various sections. M-st. 36, turn, continue in m-st. on these sts., knitting 2 sts. tog. at the beginning of the next and every following 2nd row until 15 sts. remain. Cast off.

BACK

Join in the wool where the sts. were left and m-st. 71 sts., turn, and continue in m-st., knitting 2 sts. tog. at both ends of the next and every following 2nd row until 29 sts. remain. Cast off.

RIGHT FRONT

Join on the wool and work on the rem. 36 sts., knitting 2 sts. tog. at the armhole edge on every 2nd row until 15 sts. remain. Cast off.

SLEEVES (Both Alike)

Cast on 53 sts. and work 6 rows in m-st., then work in the open-work patt. as given for the lower edge of the coat (working a 1 at the beginning of each row and k 1 at the end, instead of the m-st. borders) until the work measures 6in. from the commencement.

Change to m-st. and shape the top by knitting 2 sts. tog. at both ends of every 2nd row until 11 sts. rem. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press the work carefully. Join sleeve seams and sew in the sleeves, sewing the shaped edges into the armholes and leaving the cast-off sts. to form the neck.

CROCHET EDGING

Begin by working a row of double crochet down the left side of the yoke as far as the waist. Here change to the following picot edge: 1 single crochet into the first st., * 3 chain 1 double crochet into the first of these chain, miss 1 st., 1 single crochet into the next st. Rep. from * down the left front of the coat, round the bottom, and up the right front as far as the waist. Here change to double crochet and continue up to the neck, making 3 evenly spaced buttonholes of chain. Work a picot edge round each sleeve to match the bottom of the coat.

Round the neck make holes for ribbon as follows: 1 d.c. into the first st., * 2 ch., miss 1 st., 1 d.c. into the next. Repeat from * all round, and then work the picot edge into the spaces formed by the previous row.

Thread the ribbon through the neck and waist, and sew on the buttons to correspond with the buttonholes.

Miss Precious Minutes says:

HERE are some washing day tips. Iron taffeta while quite damp—this retains the papery effect. Do the whole dress on the wrong side and then, when thoroughly dry, finish by ironing lightly on the right side.

* * *

TO keep tea towels fresh and a good color, it is a good idea to rinse them out after each time of using, even if plain, cold water only is used. Give them an overnight soaking before boiling.

* * *

BUTTONHOLES are important to the neatness of a knitted garment. Instructions are normally given in the pattern, but if you have not made them before it is wise to experiment on a sample strip until you become proficient.

GIFT SUGGESTION. A basket like the one pictured above is quickly and easily made. Wind one end of fine rope into a whorl, and stitch with thread. Continue winding and stitching, keeping flat, till base is formed, then work up sides, looping the two final rounds to form a handle each side. Enamel or lacquer the basket in white or a gay color.

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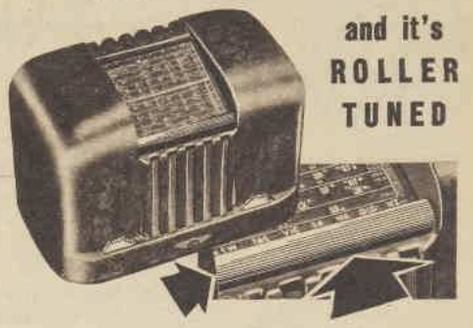

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J. *Paul Duval Bath Salts* **3/7** **K.** *"Ballet Russe" Talcum Powder* **3/7**

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F5347.—Sleeveless sun frock and matching bolero. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 5yds. 36in. material. Price 1/11.

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F5348.—Fitted bodice and all-round-gathered skirt combine to make a charming dress for a small girl. Sizes 2, 4, 6, and 8 years or lengths 18, 20, 23, and 27in. Requires 2yds. 36in. material and ½yd. 36in. contrast. Price 1/8.

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